

pheasants, partridge and quail, and the benches beyond with several species of grouse. Then there are mule deer aplenty and most of the smaller wild Canadian animals—including the skunk!

I cannot imagine a more acceptable gift to bestow upon a friend than a carton of Okanagan candied fruits, of which there must be a full score of varieties. To my mind this preserved fruit is far superior to anything of the kind imported into the Dominion, and as the sunny climate is all in favor of the candying process the prospects before this branch of the fruit-growing industry are very inviting. The art of candying fruit is easily learned, and makes a special appeal to women who naturally cannot be asked to do the hard work of the orchard. At Summerland the clay which forms the benches has been found to possess great ceramic virtues, so the local people have built a kiln and make and bake artistic pottery, which finds a ready sale to Americans touring the district in the holiday season.

Okanagan people are noted for their hospitality, even in a province where the spirit of helpfulness is part of the make-up of nearly everybody. They interchange labor in their orchards, spray, prune, harvest, grade, sort and pack for each other wherever such help is needed, and that without making any fuss about it. If an orchardist gets burnt out, everybody adds something in kind to help make good his loss. Indeed I have frequently observed that, apart from the loss in buildings which a fire may entail, a victim frequently emerges better off than before the "calamity."

I like the Christian spirit which pervades the people of the Okanagan. Anglicans help a Methodist rally for funds as a matter of course, and vice versa. I know one Anglican parson who allows a visiting Roman Catholic priest to celebrate Mass for his people from his Anglican altar, and religious bigotry is practically unknown. The adversities of the post-war years seem

to have drawn the people of the Okanagan together as possibly nothing else could have done, and to have taught them the value of community service and corporate team work.

One winter all of my children fell ill with scarlet fever and I had to live apart from them in order that my school might not be closed down. This was uncommonly hard on my wife, of course. But the neighbors did all they could to help her. They left milk, soup, cooked meats, puddings, dainties of all kinds, sacks of potatoes and other good things too numerous to mention at our doors. We could only surmise who our benefactors were. No cards were left, and the kind actions were done in the way that the Master would have wished them to be done. They kept up this stream of kindness for six weeks on end, and many noble women would have come in to give my wife personal aid but for the danger of carrying infection to the community at large.

These good Okanagan folk have laid me under an obligation I feel I can never adequately repay. But possibly the publication of this article may draw the attention of some to the warm hearts which beat in their fruitful valley.

I never thought that I should see a humming bird alive other than in an aviary; but they are plentiful in the Okanagan summer—pretty little things not much larger than a bumble bee. They nest in the orchards and feed on the nectar of flowers. Rattlesnakes are found occasionally on the benches, but very rarely in the orchards, but in many homes dried rattlers' skins are to be seen, mostly some decades old, and one has to go fairly far afield to see one of these reptiles now. What plague people most in the Okanagan are the flies, which multiply rapidly when there is a lot of unsaleable fruit lying around, and the hornets and wasps, which build their nests in the fruit trees. Their stings are very painful, and when a swarm is disturbed the insects are apt to be ex-

ceedingly vicious. Penticton possesses one of the finest fresh-water bathing beaches in Canada, and its fame is luring tourist traffic more powerfully every year. The earliest settlers in the valley came from New Brunswick, and were the descendants of United Empire Loyalists. Inclined to be somewhat puritanical in their outlook at first, their descendants have been mellowed by intercourse with every new influx of settlers. They are mostly of the Baptist persuasion, and are kindly, tolerant folk.

Great days are in store for the people of the Okanagan. Owing to our last fine harvest, the farmer in the western prairies will have money to spend on fruit, and he is learning to look to his British Columbian brother to supply his needs rather than to his American cousin below the line. Okanagan folk are intensely patriotic. Their primary allegiance is to Canada and then to the Empire bond. There are no Bolsheviks or Communists in the Okanagan valley, or, if there are, I have never met them. Subversive doctrines cannot take root and flourish among people contented with their lot in life, and in the Okanagan Valley is much content and happiness.

Independence

A farmer, after seven years on a stony farm, announced to all and sundry, "Anyhow, I'm holding my own. I hadn't nothin' when I come here, an' I haven't nothin' now."

Master: "Jane, you really must get rid of the cobwebs when you're cleaning. I've just taken a huge one off our bed-post and put it in the fire." Jane: "Oh, sir, that was madam's new dance frock!"

"It's no good mincing matters," said the doctor; "you are very bad. Is there anybody you would specially like to see?" "Yes," replied the patient faintly. "Who is it?" asked the doctor. "Another doctor, please," whispered the invalid.

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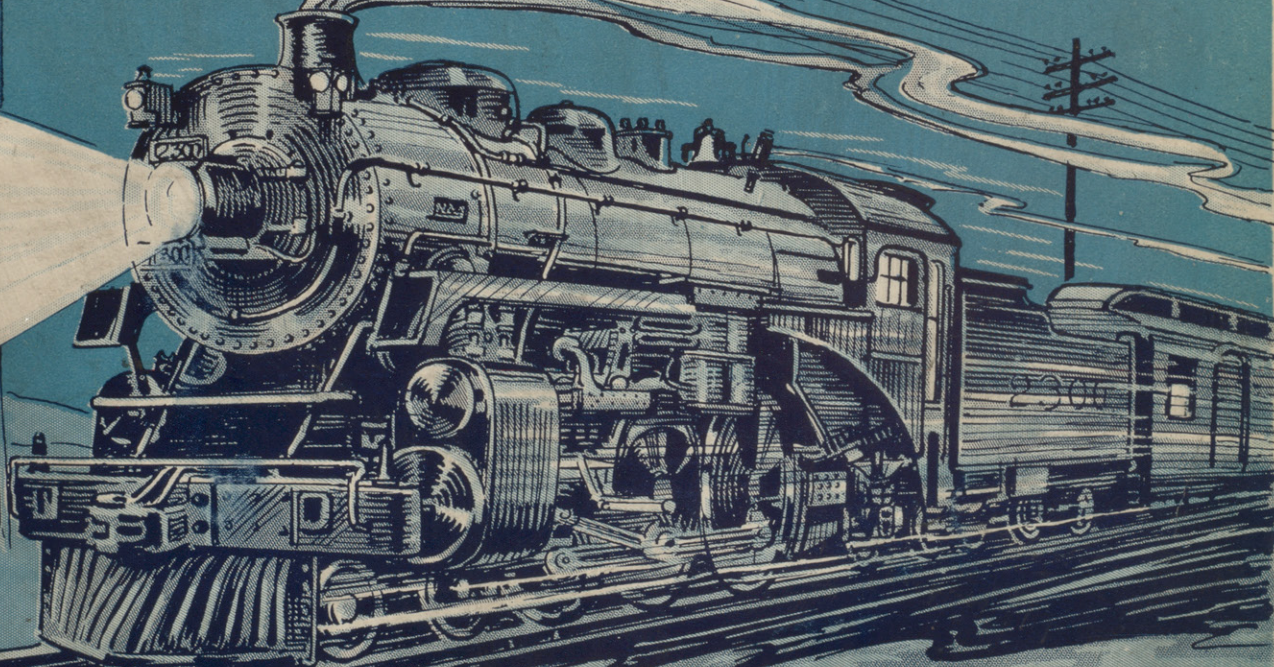
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VOLUME X
NUMBER 2

1926

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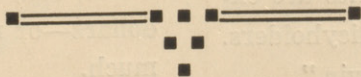
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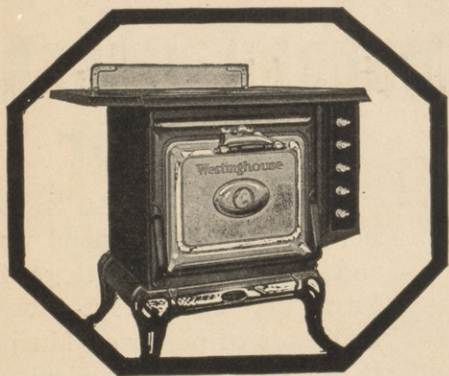
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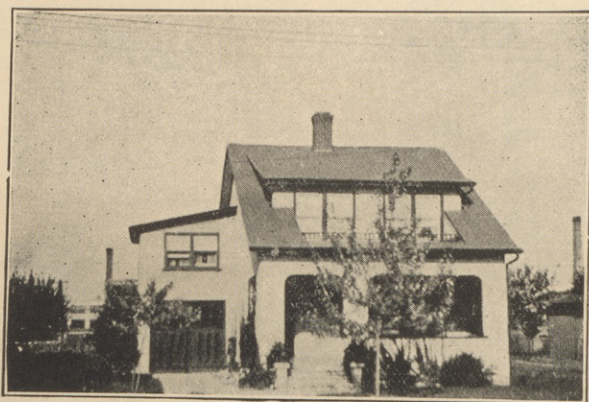
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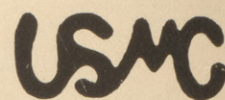
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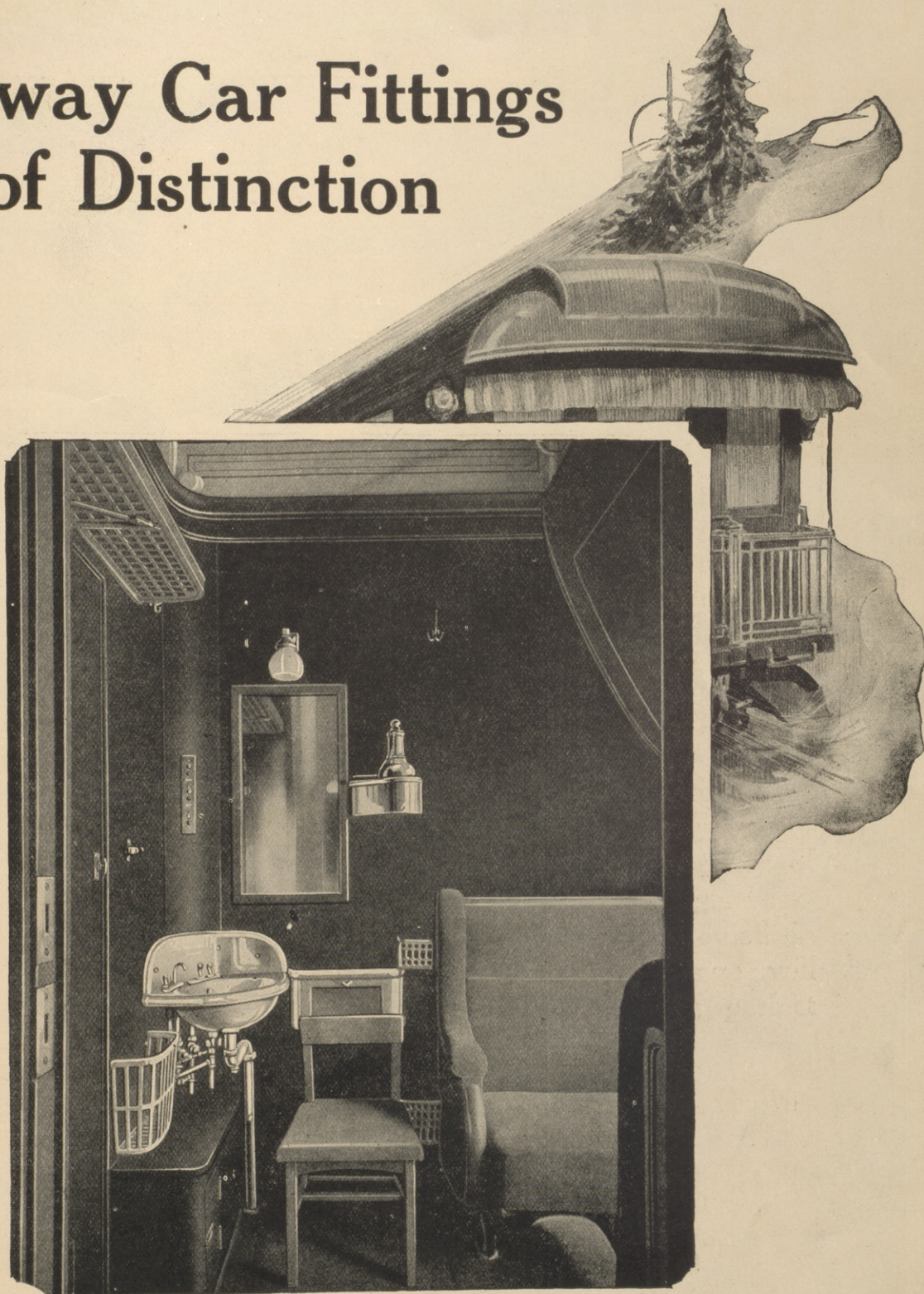
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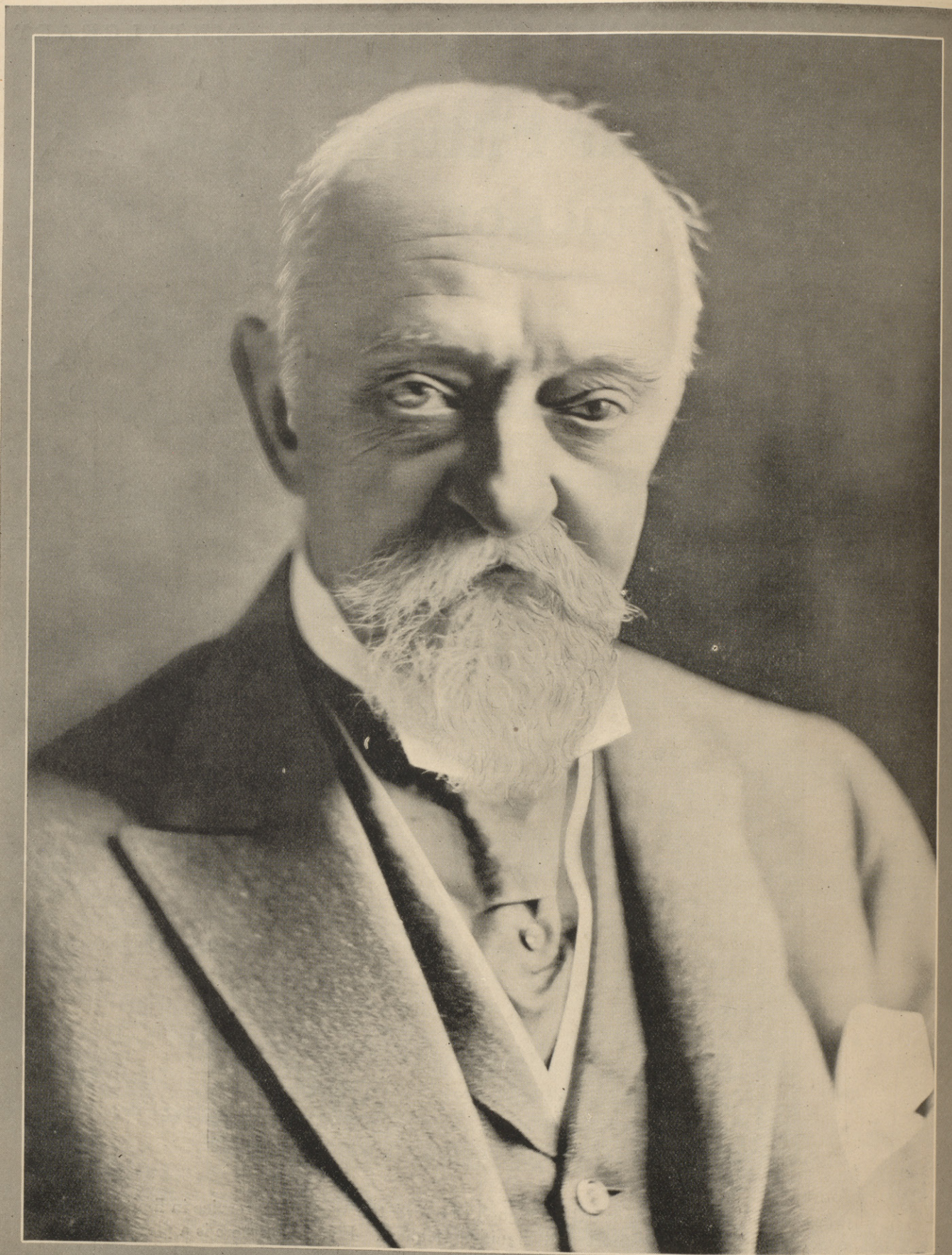
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Mr. I. G. OGDEN

Vice-president in Charge of Finance, Canadian Pacific Railway, who has been in exactly the same job for 46 years. He has seen the Audit Department grow from a small branch of six clerks to a huge concern, employing 1,300 people. (See article on page 9.)

CANADIAN RAILROADER

This Magazine

IS SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO CANADIAN RAILROADMEN WHO ARE ENGINEERS, CONDUCTORS, FIREMEN, SWITCHMEN AND BRAKEMEN, MAINTENANCE OF WAY MEN AND TELEGRAPHERS. It also circulates amongst practically all leading Railroad Officers, as well as amongst those in many other walks of life.

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VOL. X

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX

NO. 2

JUNE, NATURE'S MIRACLE

JUNE is one of the rare months when tired man, whatever his business, is reputed to be able to enjoy himself undisturbed by petty interference on the part of the weather. For the greater portion of the year when he is not engaged in a lusty bout with Jack Frost or wearily mopping a brow perspiring under the stress of ninety-in-the-shade, he is laboriously recovering from "that spring feeling" or fighting manfully with the first of a series of autumn colds.

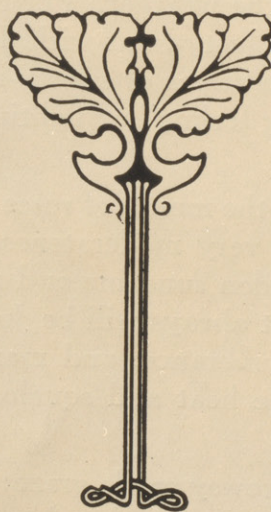
But June, besides being the month of roses and mosquitoes, is notoriously sane and temperate, by its very moderateness luring mankind out to rave over its green meadows, golden sunshine and azure skies. "Oh, if there is a heaven, I think that there it always will be June!" exclaimed someone once, in an outburst of poetic exuberance, and many a poor wretch, doomed to spend his summers amid the heat and squalor of a big city's slums, would doubtless agree with him.

Green pastures where drowsy cattle graze; lush meadows stretching away to shady woods from whose depths thrushes call their vesper notes as the westering sun touches the tree-tops with gold; bobolinks gurgling their melody over fields where daisies nod; apple trees diffusing fragrance from roseate clouds of bloom; murmuring honey bees amid the lavender mist that is blossoming lilac, and wild roses perfuming the wayside with their blushing fragrance—June, Nature's annual miracle, performed for the blessing of man.

(Continued on next page)

The sixth month of the year is also a bright page on the schoolboy's calendar. Even the dazzling glories of Christmas fade before the spectacle of lovely June, throwing open the gates of midsummer to the multitude of overworked (and otherwise) boys and girls, released from the tedium of the class-room. The nightmare of exams is over. The natural anxiety attending the reception of "results" is tempered by the prospect of eight long weeks of respite from the domination of Euclid and Caesar, aided and abetted by the vigilance of tireless mentors who mercilessly endeavor to inject chunks of knowledge into indifferent craniums for the alleged edification of the owners of said craniums and the good of humanity at large.

Whether or not Mother is equally thrilled at the prospect of school closing is another question. At all events, summer is essentially an out-of-doors season and, anyway, Mother's pleasures so frequently are necessarily of a vicarious variety that she rejoices in the prospect of enjoyment for "the children". All things considered, summer is the season which most fairly divides its benefits, affording parents and children alike an opportunity of participating in its advantages.



I. G. Ogden, Finance King of C.P.R.

Oldest Employee in Point of Service of Great Railway Corporation,
Played Big Part in Bringing Company to Its Present Powerful
Position. Still Has an Insatiable Capacity for Work, Despite His
Eighty Odd Years

LIKE Chauncey Depew, Mr. I. G. Ogden, Vice-President in Charge of Finance, Canadian Pacific Railway, is one of the men who seem merely to acquire youth in the advance of age. Mr. Ogden is 81 years old. The accounting and financing branches of the Canadian Pacific activities are so extensive that there are 1,300 officers and employees directly under him, yet he has one of the brightest and most alert minds in the C.P.R. service, is a master of figures and preserves a boyish geniality which endears him to all.

He is today the oldest employee of the company in point of service, having been in exactly the same job 46 years. The job itself has changed immeasurably, of course, since the older days when the C.P.R. was a daring speculation and not the immense and sound proposition it is today.

Isaac Gouverneur Ogden, to give him his full name, was born in New York, on October 10th, 1844. He was educated in local schools and commenced business in a New York mercantile house in 1860, subsequently entering the local banking firm of Fisk and Hatch. He entered railway service as paymaster and accountant of the Chicago and Pacific

Railway in 1871. He was auditor of the same road from 1876 to 1881. Joining the C.P.R. in 1881, he was auditor of the Western Division with headquarters at Winnipeg until 1883. He was promoted to a senior position in Montreal as auditor for the C.P.R. in 1883. His next rise was in 1887 to comptroller. Since December, 1901, he has been Vice-President.

The accounting system of I. G. Ogden is said to be perfect. He is the man who controls the finances of the C.P.R. and after whom the Ogden shops just east of Calgary are named. On a recent birthday, Mr. Ogden said: "Never mind my age or the fact that all the candles representing my birthdays won't go on a cake, but I am still hale and hearty and have a keen appetite for work. Just think, when I joined the C.P.R. at Winnipeg in the very early days the audit department was just composed of six clerks; now there are 1,300."

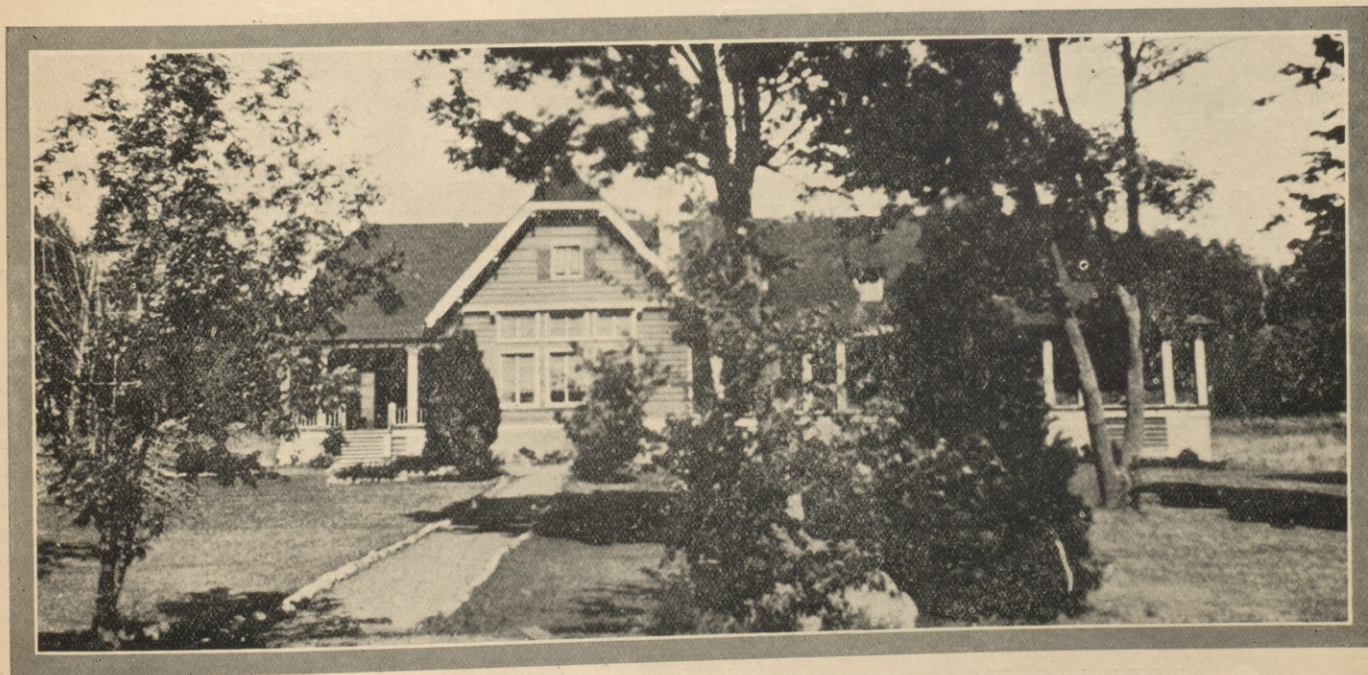
One of the Originals

Mr. Ogden is one of the men who have remained with the company since its inception. He has seen it grow from the time when there were not funds enough to meet the payroll until today when the payroll comes along sharp on

time every fortnight. When he was in Winnipeg, the road went as far west as Portage La Prairie, and southward to Emerson. "Certainly nobody thought of what we would see today, although Lord Mount Stephen had visions," added Mr. Ogden.

In his school days there were four subjects taught in public school, No. 26, Greenwich avenue, New York, which he attended. These were reading, writing, arithmetic and history and the main stay was arithmetic. The master made a mathematician out of every boy and girl in the school. He would start the day with a complicated problem and the first child to answer it correctly got out sharp at noon, the next five minutes after twelve, the third five minutes later, and so on. This kind of training made young Ogden a wizard with figures, and he remains a wizard yet. Until a few years ago when his eyes began to give him less service than formerly he never considered adding less than three columns of figures at once.

At sixteen, he started to work. He became a banker with the government banking house of Fisk and Hatch. As a banker his first daily task was to light the fire in the bank office. There was



Mr. Ogden's country home, set amid the tranquil beauty of the Rideau Lakes.



A HAPPY
VACATION
PARTY NEAR
MR. OGDEN'S
HOME ON
THE RIDEAU
LAKES.

no need for a janitor; the bank clerks did the sweeping and cleaning. "Imagine a bank clerk today being willing to do that," says Mr. Ogden.

Perhaps it was Mr. Ogden's early experience that has shaped many of his views on education and work today. He thinks that young men spend too much of their lives in college. "Unless a man is going into one of the professions, he does not need to spend years in college," said Mr. Ogden the other day. "Boys ought to start out early in the work they are going to take up for life. The college gives them false ideas of their position and importance and makes them unwilling to start at the bottom where they should."

Mr. Ogden feels a great deal of pride in the fact that most of the men who occupy big positions under him started with him as boys. He named over half a dozen of them, men whose careers he has watched and guided since they were thirteen, fourteen or fifteen years old, running messages and cleaning pen nibs in the C.P.R. offices. Even now he is helping to launch some boys on their business career. He mentioned a lad who came into the office the other day to start his business life. So long as he lives Mr. Ogden will help to bring this boy along.

His "Ten Day" Appointment

From his first banking job at \$12.50 a month, which he took in 1860, Mr. Ogden rose to more important work. By 1871, he was paymaster of the Chicago and Pacific Railway, a struggling, bankrupt road. While he occupied this post, A. B. Stickney tried to buy the line and in this way a friendship grew up between Stickney and Ogden. Later, when Stickney came to Canada as the first general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, he sent for Ogden.

"He asked me to come up for ten days. I am still here and they've never told me that my ten days were up."

Not long after Mr. Ogden arrived, in February, 1881, the C.P.R. began life as

an incorporated company. In Mr. Ogden's office hangs the first circular issued to the employees. It was signed by Mr. Stickney and indicated to the nine office employees their duties. Mr. Ogden was put down as auditor. He alone of the ten men mentioned in the circular is still alive and serving the C.P.R.

That was a time of distressingly hard work. The little staff worked all day and far into the night. For years Mr. Ogden seldom left his desk before 11 o'clock. Even in later years there were times when Canada and the C.P.R. would get into a bit of a boom and Mr. Ogden would have to go back to his early habit of working most of the night as well as the day. It wasn't possible in the early days to hire all the office staff that could have been effectively used. Winnipeg was 500 miles from anywhere; almost inaccessible and most uninviting. When Stickney wrote to Ogden, offering him the job of bookkeeper for the C.P.R., he only told him one thing about Canada. He said, "We don't grow bananas up here." Ogden found this to be intensely and literally true.

Money was as scarce as clerks. Many a time there was no money to make up the payroll. The struggle was worth while. The C.P.R. was built and its operating organization started. In 1883, Van Horne and Stephen brought Ogden to the East and established him as auditor of the C.P.R., with headquarters in Montreal. The record has it that he became comptroller in 1887 and vice-president in charge of finance in 1901. But these were only milestones on a gradually ascending road and not steps on a ladder. Mr. Ogden just went ahead perfecting an accounting system for the C.P.R., studying world financial conditions in order to finance the company and widening his own knowledge and responsibilities as the C.P.R. itself grew.

They say that the accounting system of the C.P.R. expresses perfection. If this be true, give Mr. Ogden the credit for it. It's his system. He worked it out and controlled it until a few years

ago when he decided to get rid of some of his responsibilities and turned the accounting department over to one of the men he had developed from boyhood, retaining for himself supervision over the financing of the C.P.R.

Financing the C.P.R. has been a man-sized job. Mr. Ogden has been the active staff official in all negotiations for the raising of capital. He has kept his finger on the pulse of the world's financial markets for a generation and a half and in conjunction with the C.P.R.'s presidents and financial committee has been instrumental in keeping the line always liquid, always strong and always popular among financiers in every country.

Re-Visiting Old New York

It has been his work to look after the listing of C.P.R. securities throughout the world. One can imagine that he felt a great deal of pride in his heart when he went back to New York, the scene of his boyhood days, and talked with the governors of the New York Stock Exchange about the listing of C.P.R. stock on their board.

His financial transactions in Europe have been carried on from a distance. Mr. Ogden's associates admit that their keenest disappointment has come from their inability to induce Mr. Ogden ever to cross the ocean. Financiers from every country in Europe have sat at his desk in Windsor street station, Montreal. But he has never gone to see them in their banking homes in London, Paris Brussels and Berlin.

Mr. Ogden's life has been methodical and steady. There has been nothing spectacular to his career; few high lights and little publicity. What is probably his greatest work is an intangible thing. This is the encouragement he has given to many men to make good in Canada. He is proud of the fact that no man in his department ever had to go to the United States to find a job big enough for him.

"There is plenty of opportunity for any young man to go as far as he likes in

Canada," says Mr. Ogden. "The opportunities for success in Canada are as great as in any other country in the world. I am an American by birth and perhaps have had as many temptations to leave Canada as anyone. Often I have been offered positions across the line; sometimes they have been very tempting. But I have stayed in Canada and am glad I did.

"Moreover, no man in the C.P.R.'s accounting or finance department has ever had to go to the United States to find a better opportunity. Dozens of boys have started to work here in minor positions and have risen to important positions through hard work and initiative. Not one of them ever felt that the opportunities were too small for him.

"Of course, a man has to have a good boss if he is to succeed. There is no use nagging at a man; or in limiting his pos-

sibility for advancement. A hardworking young man with a fair employer can go as far as he likes."

They Say He's a Good Boss

Mr. Ogden's men say that he is a "good boss." That, in itself, is evident from the results in the successful rise of the men who have started under him. They tell stories that show his fairness and thoughtfulness.

There was once a telegraph operator who forged Mr. Ogden's signature to a telegram and got a substantial sum of money. He was caught and his case investigated. It was found that he had a wife and family who were in straightened circumstances; the man said that he had stolen for them. It looked like a case of sympathetic treatment. It was put up to Mr. Ogden, as the victim of the forgery.

"The man stole, let him suffer." That was Mr. Ogden's final word.

But few people know that while that man was in jail Mr. Ogden, out of his own pocket, kept his family in comfort. He felt that the man had done wrong and should be punished. But he refused to allow the man's punishment to bear more heavily on his family than on the man himself. This is only one of many cases smoothed out by Mr. Ogden.

Like another famous Izaak, he is a fisherman. Every summer for thirty-three years he has gone to the same spot on the Rideau Lakes and fishes. He spends two, three or perhaps a few more weeks in utter relaxation and then he comes back and starts to work again; steady work from nine to five, methodical and exact, that seems to deny the fact that October 10th, 1925, saw eighty-one candles on his birthday cake.



The locks on the Rideau Canal.

The Passing of George Ham

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

"He is not dead. Such souls forever live
In boundless measure of the love they
give."

His Philosophies

- ¶ Unkindness is a worse crime than theft.
- ¶ Lonesomeness is a worse disease than rheumatism.
- ¶ Never offer an anchor to a drowning man.
- ¶ Solitude is fine—if you have some one to share it with.
- ¶ Look out for the man who crowds all his religion into Sundays.
- ¶ It is better to have the bailiff in the house than discontent.
- ¶ Ours is a show world but behind it all is a beneficent Showman.

¶ When a man doesn't want to be rich, he generally gets his wish.

¶ Some nights are an eternity; some hours a hundred minutes long.

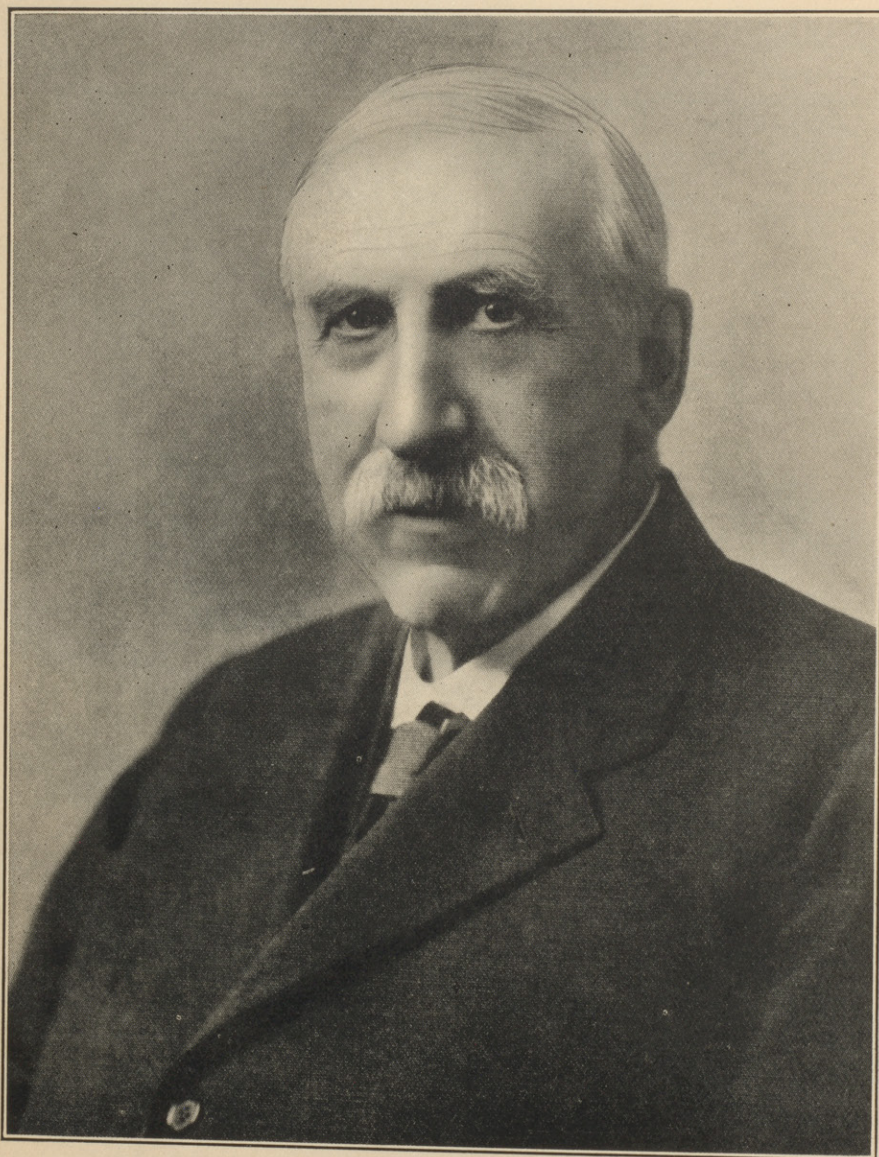
¶ Young man, when you think you know more than the boss, it's time to quit.

¶ There are a whole lot of contented volunteers in the great army of the unemployed.

¶ Friends frequently do not disappoint you as much as you do yourself—if you only knew it.

* * * *

GEORGE HAM has gone out on the "Westbound Unlimited". The "Laughing Philosopher", who for years was "Ambassador-in-Chief" of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has passed away.



LATE COL. GEORGE HAM,
who, by his unfailing kindliness and delightful wit, was for years known as
"Ambassador-in-Chief" of the C.P.R.

Such men as George Ham never die; in the memory of his many friends—and their name is legion—to quote Elbert Hubbard, "His soul goes marching on." Certainly, as long as there is left on earth any one who had the privilege of knowing him intimately, he will be remembered, and when that time passes—as pass it will—the wit and humor, the pathos and philosophy, the sentiment and sincerity that bubbles over from the pages of his book, "The Reminiscences of a Raconteur", and the stories told by him, as related by Alfred Price, in his "Rail Life", will introduce him and endear him to countless generations.

Though having passed the allotted scriptural span of three score years and ten, he was, until he fell ill and gave up active life a year or so ago, still young in spirit, active, energetic, enthusiastic, and his office at Windsor street, where he was to be found each day when not on the "Road", was the Mecca and rendezvous of newspapermen and friends from all parts of the world. For, make a better mouse trap, write a better article, tell a better joke than others and the world makes a track to your door. As a raconteur of good stories; a dispenser of spontaneous wit and humor; a distributor of good cheer and encouragement, he was peerless.

If service to others and all it implies be one of the first considerations of life, George Ham's life was a complete success. One never approached him in vain. There is an old Hindu saying to the effect that kindness is the only real wealth, and that, all who knew him will agree, he possessed in abundance. He was wealthy for in himself was the joy of living.

"Your sole contribution to the sum of things," wrote Stephen Crane, "is yourself," and of himself he gave freely to others. "So long as we love we serve," wrote Stevenson, and he loved and was beloved, greatly. He was, as Marcus Aurelius wrote, "The manner of man who did not know what he had done—like a vine which has produced grapes and seeks nothing more after it has produced proper fruit. As a horse, when he has run; a dog, when he has caught the game; a bee, when it has made its honey, so some men, when they have done a good act, do not call out for others to come and see but go on to another act as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season."

He Played the Game

Yes, George Ham was like that, and for all of these things he achieved success. He ran a good race; played the game in a sportsmanlike manner; spread the honey of sympathy and encouragement far and wide. At the funeral service in the little church at Whitby, in the churchyard of which he

was buried, the minister said that in considering George Ham's busy life, he was struck by two things, first, that before he found his work, he passed through many vicissitudes; second, that when he did find it, he became a leader and conductor of men, a position of power for great spiritual good for influencing, directing and encouraging others. He possessed the ability, tact, personality and enthusiasm to accomplish this work which he did with a spirit of cheerfulness and self-sacrifice that was remarkable and in his opinion, constituted greatness. In this, he remarked, he became an inspiration, a comforter, a very disciple of the "Great Comforter" himself.

Born at Trenton, Ontario, in 1847, he moved with his parents, when but a child, to Whitby, where his school days were passed. It was proposed for him that law would be his profession but when the moment came for him to take up the study, he balked and instead went into the newspaper office of the old "Chronicle" at Whitby. The staff of the "Chronicle" in those days consisted of but one man who was both editor and reporter. One day there were two important meetings at considerable distance from each other at the same hour, and only one reporter. George, who had taught himself a system of shorthand, applied for the job and in the impossibility of getting anyone else to cover the assignment, the editor reluctantly gave it to him. So opportunity first knocked at his door. In writing his recollections of this very early event—a turning point in his life,—he wrote:—

"Well, say, when I turned in my report early Monday morning, the boss was astounded. No wonder, for I wrote and re-wrote that blessed report during all Saturday night and the greater part of Sunday and it wasn't till near dawn on Monday that it was finished. And after all it only filled three columns. Any experienced reporter would have written it within three or four hours. I was paid \$5 for it and it wasn't so much the money I cared for as the encouraging words of the editor. Thereafter, I reported the town council, and brought in news items—frequently written and re-written and then written again—and some not only written but absolutely rotten—and my salary was increased to \$8 a week."

Had Varied Activities.

Then he left newspaper work owing to poor health and became a grocery clerk in the store of a friend of the family at Walkerton. In this work he did not succeed for he said, himself, "As a complete failure as a clerk in a general store, I always pride myself I was a huge success."

Then successively, he became travelling sub-agent for a local farmers' insurance company, an A.B. sailor, before the mast on a lake schooner, re-entered newspaper work at Guelph and Uxbridge, and a correspondent



An early photograph of Col. Ham, with Mrs. Ham, who died in 1905.

of the Toronto press. In 1875 he went west to Winnipeg, where he was first a printer and later city editor of the "Free Press," four years later acquiring and publishing a paper of his own—"The Tribune"—which afterwards amalgamated with the "Times", of which he became managing editor.

Again ill health forced him out of the newspaper game and he entered the Government service as registrar of deeds for the county of Selkirk, which position he was forced out of by a change in the law which required the registrar to be a barrister of 10 years' standing. So he returned to newspaper work and for sixteen years held down various journalistic and civic positions in Winnipeg and vicinity.

When the Northwest Rebellion broke out in 1885, he was sent to the front by the "Toronto Mail", as correspondent, and was present at Batoche at the running of the blockade as well as the relief of the white prisoners, released by Chief Big Bear, after the Indian defeat by Strange's cavalry at Loon Lake.

Then, in 1891, came the invitation from General Manager William Van Horne (later, Sir William) to join the staff of the C.P.R., which he accepted. He had found his work and to this work, of a varied character and under many titles—work requiring infinite diplomacy, ceaseless energy and constant vigilance—he gave of himself to the very utmost. He rose in the opinion of the public and the estimation of the company till he acquired the title "Ambassador-in-Chief" of the C.P.R.

Year after year, east, west, north and south, his travels took him—back and forth across Canada—to Europe, the United States, the Orient and South America, entertaining distinguished visitors and spreading always the spirit of goodwill towards the Canadian Pacific and Canada as a whole. In writing of his years of travel, he laughingly refers to the fact that "on the spot where I was born has been erected a touching memorial in the shape of a fine hotel, which was an intimation, if we believe in fate or predestination, that my life should be largely spent in such places of public resort. After events confirmed this idea. Hotels have been largely my abiding place, from London, England, to San Francisco; from the city of Merida in Yucatan to the South to Edmonton, Alberta, in the North."

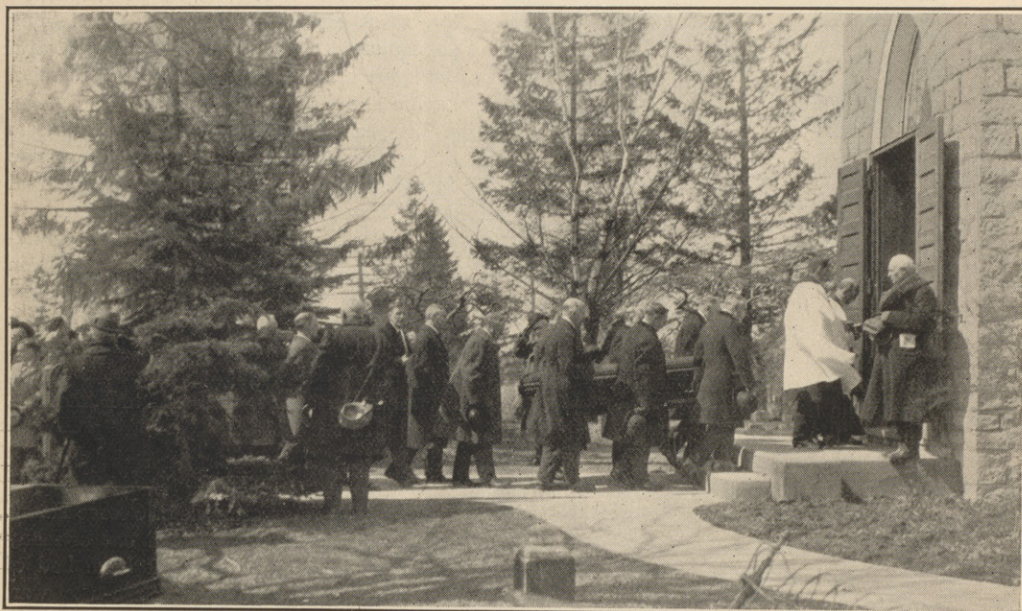
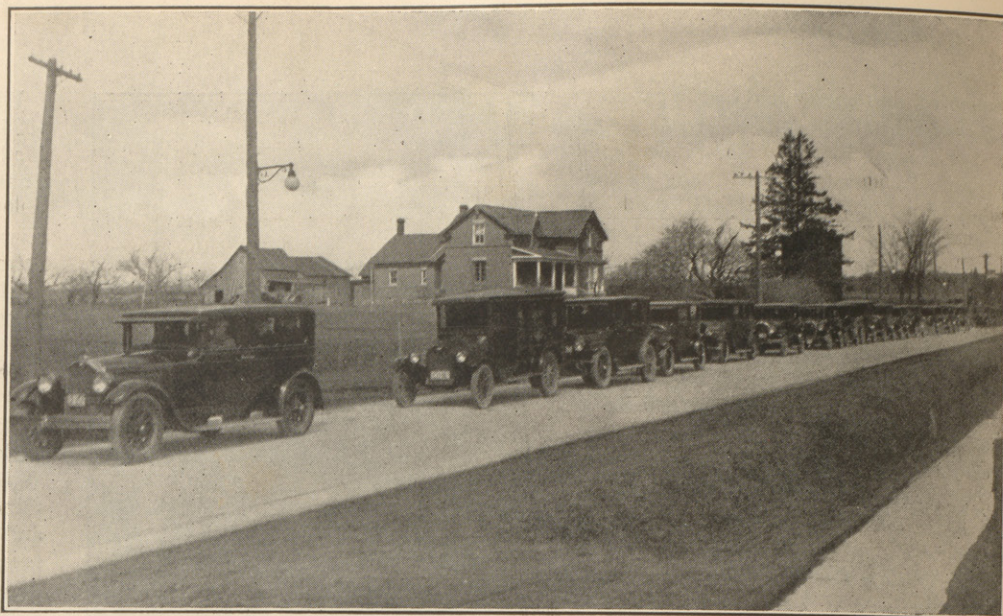
Prompt to Lend a Hand.

Let me quote an example of George Ham's voluntary service which is but one of many similar personal experiences I have had of his willing co-operation. Before the war, when my home was in the west, the mantle of the work of the secretary-treasurership of a struggling agricultural association, whose



Unloading the casket and the masses of flowers upon the arrival of the funeral train at Whitby, Ont.

The motor cortege proceeding from the station to the church at Whitby, in the cemetery of which the remains of Col. Ham were laid to rest.



Bearing the casket into the Church.

The invocation at the grave-side.



financial affairs were in anything but a satisfactory condition, fell on my shoulders. Failing to find funds in the West, I realized that only a grant from the Dominion Government could save the situation, and accordingly, I wrote to the Federal member for our district that I was coming East, wanted his introduction and recommendation to the minister, and asked his co-operation. When I reached Ottawa I found a letter from him telling me that the time set was inopportune; that the session was just about to open; and that I would therefore have to wait in the capital for three or four days until he could arrange the matter.

I came on to Montreal disgusted, and meeting George Ham casually mentioned my trouble.

"Can you leave for Ottawa at any time?" he asked.

"Why, of course."

"Alright," he replied, "we'll go up to-night."

To make a long story short, we left for Ottawa that night, were in the minister's private office at ten o'clock next morning and I left for the West that night with the minister's assurance that the estimates would contain a substantial grant towards the work of the association. When I mentioned the matter to him some years later, when again in the East, he had forgotten all about it. "Deeds not words", runs the quotation. Granting it to be true as applied to most cases, it was in this case both deeds and words—cheerful words—joking words—eloquent words, from the lips of George Ham that achieved it.

Never Failing Wit.

As an example of his irrepressible wit and humor, I quote two or three stories of his sayings from Alfred Price's most entertaining book, "Rail Life." Even as I read them while writing them, I am convulsed with laughter whilst, all the while, in the chair opposite, sits an imaginary George Ham, eyes twinkling, lips smiling, hands gesticulating. I feel his very spirit in the atmosphere, and in answer to my unspoken ques-

tion, "How do you do, to-day, George? How do you do?" I hear his reply, as it often came to me, jokingly, "I do as I please, as I always do."

"George Ham was present at a function that was anything but a howling success. He was not on the programme but the chairman, hoping that a speech from him would enliven the proceedings, asked him to say a few words. George had been greatly bored and was in no mood for speaking, an unusual condition for him, so he replied, "I can't make a speech to-night because I have a bad headache, am suffering from rheumatism in my legs, have Asiatic cholera, adenoids, gastritis, ingrowing toe-nails, premature baldness and housemaid's knee, and anything I haven't got I'm going out right now to get it."

"A number of Canadian Pacific officials had a little supper in Montreal some years ago in honor of one of their friends who had been promoted. Naturally the genial soul, George Ham, was present, and on the following day he met on the street one of the party who had not yet fully recovered from the effects of the previous night's revelling. After describing his own condition as 'rotten', he asked George how he felt. The latter gravely replied, 'When I first got up this morning, I felt a wee bit dull not to say heavy. But I took a couple of glasses of coca-cola, a long drink of lemonade, a dose of Mother Winslow's Soothing Syrup, a few of Lydia Pinkham's Pills and a good glass of brandy, and I never felt better in my life.'

"Well, George," said the friend, 'you must have a wonderful constitution,' to which George replied with enthusiasm, 'I have, indeed, a wonderful constitution, but you ought to see my by-laws'."

Though he joked at every possible moment and occasion, George Ham had his graver, serious thought moments when he showed his judgment to be clear and philosophical, based on sound, logical reasoning and wide experience.

He was the only male member of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and for a time was Hon. President. His friends were in all walks of life—premiers, politicians, diplomats, pressmen and publishers, proletarians and priests, irrespective of religious views or dogma. His book, "The Miracle Man of Montreal," extolling the work of Brother Andre, endeared him to the Catholics, his "Flitting of the Gods" to philosophers, his "Reminiscences of a Raconteur" to all classes. His character and personality was ably summed up by Dr. Neil Munro, the Scottish novelist, in the third stanza of his poem, "How Laughter Came to Canada" in which his theme was the creation of the world with special reference to Canada. He said, after reference to the creation of other things,

"Long thought the Lord and one bright day
He made him a man of His spit and clay
And set him forth in the sun to dry
In a place where waters went rippling by.
Said the Lord, 'Be laughter wherever you
are,
Stand forth, George Ham, of the C.P.R.'"

Perhaps the finest tribute to him that could be paid was that of Mr. E. W. Beatty, President of the C.P.R., who was absent in Quebec at the moment of his death but who wired, "The death of Col. George H. Ham removes one of the picturesque figures in Canadian journalistic and railway work. Though by reason of his advanced age, Col. Ham had not been as active during the last few years as formerly, there was, perhaps, no man so well and widely known through Canada and the United States as he, and his fame as a diplomat, raconteur and purveyor of happiness, was very great. Few men possessed his keen sense of humor, and it was a kindly humor. His barbs of wit had no venom behind them. In the death of Col. Ham the Canadian Pacific loses one of its oldest and most valuable officers, journalism one of its notable personalities, and the country one of its best known and most popular citizens."

Hail departed and well-beloved spirit.

GROWING OLD

A LITTLE more tired at close of day;
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame;
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little more love for the friends of youth;
A little less zeal for established truth;
A little more charity in our views,
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more laughter, a little more tears,
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say,
"I live because he has passed my way."—By ROLLIN J. WELLS.

AT HOME AMID THE FROWNING CRAGS



Mountain goats, sure-footed denizens of the precipitous Rockies, obligingly pose for the photographer at Banff, Alberta.

A Pal of the Grizzley and the Big Horn

An Interview With Mr. John A. Hope, Veteran Hunter and Naturalist

By HELEN B. SANDWELL

AFTER having completed his second trip round the world, Mr. John A. Hope, known as an authority on wild life in Canada from end to end, has arrived back in his old haunts in the Columbia Valley, B.C.

The veteran hunter and naturalist is the fifth in a line of men trained from boyhood in the conserving and artificial rearing of wild life. The study of animals and birds is to him a sort of sixth sense or instinct which has lured him into strange lands and also into not a few tight corners, as the many scars on his body prove. The study of nature is to him as fascinating as it is puzzling and he bemoans the fact that man has to die before he can acquire a fraction of the knowledge he so eagerly, yet patiently, seeks in the wilds around him.

Of all the animals he has hunted and observed the big game of this Dominion is nearest and dearest to his heart. Sportsmen the world over remember him as the Superintendent of the Canadian Camp Club, which he built and managed for some five years in the Mississauga Game and Forest Reserve. In 1907 he represented Canada at the Sportsman's Show held in New York. When mid-winter wolf hunts were held for three years in Ontario and Quebec, Mr. Hope was the man who organized and planned the affairs, having cabins built so many miles apart for the accommodation of hunters and running different blood trails which the wolves, giving tongue like a pack of hounds, followed early in the morning or late at night, when sportsmen had an opportunity to do some rapid shooting with the rifle.

Adventure has always hung around Mr. Hope. He was brought up in Ireland to the ping of bullets and the thrash of cudgels. His grandfather lost an eye in a skirmish with poachers. Many and varied were the hair-breadth escapes of his father with the soft-footed raiders out fishing for salmon with their barbed spears and lights. Mr. Hope, as "the silent man of the woods" (his name for the game keeper), took up the work with delight. He very soon became known as a dead shot, afraid neither of the "ghosts" of the superstitious countryside nor of man. But the lure of our big game over here took him from "ould Ireland." His young blood thrilled at the thought of the

magnificent species he had never so much as seen, so in 1885 he accompanied a party of famous big game hunters from Britain to the southern part of British Columbia, then a paradise of big game. "Indeed," said Mr. Hope, "one could be forgiven for supposing oneself to be passing day after day through a huge, well-preserved game park, unsurpassed, with the exception of Africa, by any country on the face of the globe. As for fish,—I was amazed at an incident that occurred when our party decided to cross the old Fraser Mountain trail from Fort Hope into the Similkameen, noted at that time for its bighorn. While crossing the Fraser river in a dug-out we were surprised at a constant bumping under the canoe. We could see no ice, nor logs. 'What's causing that bumping noise?' we asked the owner of the dug-out. 'Why,' he remarked, 'it is salmon going upstream to spawn in myriads of thousands. If only they would keep still you could take a pole and walk clean over to the other side on their bodies.' And it was true, as closer observation proved."

Our grizzlies, wapiti, elk, fairy-footed, grotesquely bearded snowy goats—one and all they captured his heart. He settled down, became a good Canadian, devoting his time to hunting, trapping, guiding and the study of natural history.

"Canada," says Mr. Hope, "is the last refuge and breeding ground of the great game of North America." Very eloquently he pleads for a safe and sane national conservation policy. He has made a close study of his subject and has had the satisfaction of seeing many of his recommendations embodied in the present game laws of B.C., the province where he has long been recognised as an expert in this particular line.

"The value of wild life in all its varied forms is little realized by the majority of people," says he. "It is an important source of revenue annually to the state; a means of livelihood to thousands of people in the manufacture of arms, fishing gear, all kinds of outdoor camping accessories, canoes, traps, etc. Because of it railroads, hotels, outfitters, guides and store keepers thrive. It is an emergency food supply for hard pressed prospectors and pioneers. More important still, it teaches

our youngsters the fascinating art of wood craft, self reliance and the use of arms. Health and happiness come with the fishing and hunting trip. The fur bearers alone bring wealth running into millions of dollars; and as sportsmen's trophies of the rifle, every species of big game in the Dominion, alive in its native habitat, is worth from hundreds up to thousands of dollars per head to the several provinces. Yet, our wild life continues to dwindle. The great grizzly, the bighorn ram, the wapiti and mule deer are steadily decreasing with the years, and under the present system of protection given them will soon be classed as extinct fauna."

"What do you think is the remedy?" I asked.

"The people must be taught that there is a vast difference between the meaning of the words protection and conservation of wild life. In the former case, it means taking from and adding nothing to, in the latter, it means the utilization of the full breeding powers of all species of wild life, so that an increase may be assured over the waste. Let me illustrate what I mean. There is a herd of wapiti not a hundred miles from here. Once its range was from here to Colorado and east to the Atlantic. Nowadays the herd never moves out of a twenty mile radius. Wapiti are polygamous. In the days when their range was millions of acres in extent Nature kept the herd in first class condition, but now, under artificial conditions, one old stag may hold too many kinds in his harem. Against his bulk and strength the young stags fall in combat. What is the result? Why, here you'll see a fawn with a malformation of one horn, there another calf with some other weakness. The trained eye notes the significance of these little things. The thinking man knows that if you interfere with life in its natural state you must substitute brains and science for natural law. It is only by conservation that the remnant of our wild life can be saved and bred back for the use of the present and future generations. It is true that we have fine parks and reserves, but every province should have one or more game parks of several thousand square miles in extent, where wild life can be conserved by practical men so that it will increase and overflow into adjacent territory."



Taking the law in his own hands. An old fashioned bear near Lake Louise, Alberta.

"What about the great grey timber wolf?" I asked.

"Ah", and Mr. Hope smiled, "he is a clever beast. The panther and the fox are stupids compared to *Canis Lupis*. But he will have to be kept down for he is terribly destructive to deer in the deep snows and on ice covered lakes. Though not, strictly speaking, classified as big game, he is nevertheless no mean quarry, and is worthy of the attention of any sportsman who is interested in the saving of wild life. Extremely cunning, he is built for strength and speed. He'll tax to the limit your wood craft, as will no other wild life classified as big game in Canada. He'll test your skill with the rifle when disappearing over a ridge or running down a blood trail in the early morning or late evening. And he'll try out your powers of endurance when you go after him on snowshoes against a driving nor-easter."

"Wolf-hunting then, I take it, brings plenty of excitement?" I asked. "I suppose you have had some tense moments?"

"Some," he admitted. "One of the tensest I brought upon myself through

sheer curiosity. This incident happened in Ontario, when I was alone and many miles north of the nearest settlement. Walking shortly after day-break along the edge of a long lake I heard the 'yi-ki-hi's' of a pack from a hardwood ridge running parallel with the lake on my left. Presently I counted fourteen wolves come out of the timber ahead and lie down on the lake ice. Crouching down, I watched them intently for a few minutes. Then I determined to test the theory held by backwoodsmen generally that a pack of wolves will attack a man in broad daylight. Rising to my feet I walked slowly towards them. For the first sixty feet or so they gave no sign. Then the whole pack sat up on their haunches and eyed me keenly. A second later they came straight for me. As I got ready to receive them I began to regret my curiosity as to whether or not a wolf pack would attack man in daylight. The nearer they came the more I cursed my folly! In perfect silence they swooped forward, opening out in fan shape order till the points of the fan were some three hundred feet apart.

They were encircling—their usual tactics with a deer. I decided to do something, for the strain was unbearable. A sweat came out on my forehead. It was what you would call a tense moment, all right, for those big cruel-looking fellows seemed too great a handful for one single man. I fired right and left at the two points of the fan. At the two sharp cracks and the splinters of ice ripped up by the high power bullets, the fan closed up with surprising suddenness, the grey devils wheeled round and sped back on their tracks. And that was that!"

"Were you ever curious about how a grizzly would act?" I enquired.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I've known grizzlies for thirty-five years and I hold that with one exception—and that is when they are come upon suddenly and so taken by surprise—grizzly will not attack men without provocation. They are as timid in the presence or taint of man as all other wild life in the Dominion. But, don't misunderstand me. I am not advising anyone to pick up any old shooting iron and go after a grizzly hide, because if you do happen to rile him—accidentally or otherwise—you will have roused the ire of the most dangerous big game in the two Americas."

The afternoon spent with the veteran naturalist was a fascinating experience.

We flitted through northern British Columbia then south, following the Rockies right down to Colorado. He has a delightful fund of stories of his experiences here, there and everywhere. One moment he is chuckling over his tenderfoot experiences in the north of Canada, or recalling some adventure in the "bad men" districts of Texas, then, hey presto, we are off in the deserts of Australia, on the streets of Suva, or away into the wild jungles of Java. No wonder he is scarred by bullets, claws and teeth. Adventure is the breath of life to him. He lost part of his side in the Boer war, a savage kangaroo tore his back to ribbons, a grizzly has left its mark on his wealed wrist and forearm—but he is still doing nicely, thank you, and will outwalk and outclimb you any day you feel like going after a fine specimen.

He knew Australia before it became a Commonwealth, even as he knew Canada when Winnipeg was but a village. In the early eighties he camped out in the back blocks of Australia helping to destroy that interesting relic of by-gone ages, the kangaroo, when a bounty was offered for its destruction because it ate more salt bush per diem than three sheep. In consequence of the study and reasoning of men like Mr. Hope, it was brought to the notice of the powers that be that only in wet seasons, when those

interesting marsupials were troubled by worms in the intestines, were their appetites so voracious. Further, they pointed out, that far from being vermin, the kangaroos were valuable animals. The skin is prized for book binding, as it does not stretch after curing: also for highly expensive gloves, shoes and bags. Its tail makes soup second to none—not even the costly turtle soup of famous restaurants. Natives consider the flesh a delicacy and surgeons have discovered that certain muscles are invaluable for stitching wounds. To Mr. Hope's delight the kangaroo now has a place of honor in the affections of the people of the Commonwealth.

When he talks of the rabbit plague

in Australia his eyes light up with laughter. He has trapped many thousands of rabbits and is of opinion that Australia tackled her problem in an entirely wrong fashion. He believes, and it is this that makes him smile, that when Australia imported the weasel, the cat, the fox, etc., to keep the rabbit within bounds, she was doing her best to increase the plague. "Australia was working along Nature's lines," he says shrewdly, "for the more you thin out the polygamous rabbit the more and the better it breeds!" Thinking of the millions of pounds sterling the rabbit has since cost Australia it looks almost as if he might be right!

"Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction!" he remarked with a twinkle.

"You will hardly credit some of the things I have seen while rabbit trapping. For instance," here the Irish brogue crept into his voice, "did ye ever see a rabbit up a tree?"

"No," I admitted. "Did you?"

"Many of them!"

"Were you—er—prohibitionists in those days?" I asked, though I knew quite well that John A. refused a glass of brandy when he was supposed to be dying of typhoid fever.

He smiled at me, pulled at a curious pipe and intimated with another twinkle, "Yes, I've seen rabbits and 'possum sixty feet high in trees, out on the branches. What's more, I've seen them come out singed and even blazing!"

"Pretty fine!" I grinned, "But didn't



Slaking a great thirst. In the shadow of the Rockies, at Field, B.C.

you see the Devil at their heels prodding them with his toasting fork?"

"Now," with a chuckle, "you listen to me. I'll tell you a true story, stranger than fiction. In fact it is so strange that I never mention it, for I am sure folks would call me a liar. When I was rabbit trapping in the big Australian forests of blue gum, my pals and I used to steal up quietly to one of those giant trees, which, incidentally, shed their bark instead of their leaves. We'd scratch away the rotten stuff fallen down and piled at the root till we came to the decayed core of the tree. After that we'd strike a match and start a smoke, sometimes a fire, up this rotten core. All this with never a word. By and bye,—Ha, down will come one rabbit. It darts out and away like the wind. Ha, here are more—pick them off with the rifle! There they go! Look, up yonder in the branches that are as big as small pines, look at the bunnies and the 'possum crowding off from the blazing hollow core! See, there is a snake, too! Ping! That has finished him. See him come down in a squirming mass of coiling and uncoiling loops. Down, down, writhing his long length till he hits the ground. He is bulging. Bet you there is a rabbit in him! Slit him up—Ha, what did I tell ye! See the freshly killed rabbit? Well, there's twelve cents for every pair of bunny ears, so off with them." He pauses. "That is the way it was day after day. Now, mind ye, these are no tall stories I'm telling you! It's the honest gospel truth. The creatures, of course, climbed up the rotten, hollow cores."

I am convinced. He has been so dramatic that, momentarily, I have been transported to the blue gum forests. "What did you live on away out there?" I ask till I get time to digest and turn over this rabbit tale.

"Tea and damper," came the prompt reply. "But it was not tea like this," and he waves his tea cup and chuckles.

"The water for our tea was taken from mud holes, trodden and muddied by the feet of many animals. On the top floated a green scum. It seemed pretty poisonous, but I drank it for a long time, and I had to go to a city before I got typhoid. It was extraordinary stuff to drink. It flavored the tea, of course, but still, it never did any of us a mite of harm. If you looked carefully enough you could always find a dead body or two in those mud holes. Some people say that it is the presence of the eucalyptus tree that works the magic. I don't know."

"What's damper?"

"Unleavened bread baked in the camp fire ashes. When hunting on a sheep ranch we lived for a year on end on tea, mutton and damper. We had all the mutton we wanted for nothing, but we had to preserve the hide over a tree most carefully—only the wool was valuable at that time."

I nearly said that the hunters could also have had all the rabbit pie they wanted for nothing, but somehow I didn't. Instead, after listening to some of the acreages of the sheep farms I asked, "How ever did the women exist in solitudes like that?"

"Exist! Ye never saw a happier, finer bunch of girls in your life! Ha, some of the prettiest colleens you could clap eyes on. All as healthy as trout, too. None of your exotic blossoms there—they were handsome, strong lasses who liked nothing better than to tie their dancing shoes on to their saddles and ride fifty miles to a ball! After they'd danced all night they'd return their slippers to their saddles and ride back home, getting there before nine in the morning."

Perhaps some astonishment showed in my face.

"These girls took the road steady and easy," he explained. "You must remember that the horses they rode were not like cayuses. It did not pay to take anything save purebred stock to Austra-

lia, so that very fine animals could be seen doing quite ordinary work. These horses ridden to the dances were sired by thousand guinea stallions from England. They were big, standing sixteen and seventeen hands high, big whalers that left the miles behind without effort. And again, this country round here is up hill and down dale. You'd break a horse here doing what these girls did. But round the sheep ranches it was flat—mile upon mile of level plain and bush country."

For five generations Mr. Hope's forebears had been gamekeepers, so that he was brought up from earliest infancy to study animals and birds. But he excelled his elders in that he had the gift of writing. The lore of the woods which his ancestors had acquired and passed on to each other, never gladdened the minds of those outside the fraternity, but John took kindly to a pen and the Scottish Field, Rod and Gun, Wide World, Forest and Outdoors and many other sporting magazines and newspapers both here and abroad have printed his observations to the delight of nature lovers. He has been the adviser of sportsmen the world over as to where they might get big game hunting in the various parts of Canada, from the musk ox of the barren lands and the great grizzly of the Rockies, to the bighorn of the Kootenay, which now carries the blue ribbon for the finest heads; as well as all kinds of fishing from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboards.

Mr. Hope was the founder and first president of the Windermere District Rod and Gun Club, of which His Honor the Lt.-Governor of B. C., R. Randolph Bruce, was an interested and active member.

Pilgrim traffic during Holy Year, it is reported, is partially responsible for a credit balance showing of 175 million lire made by the Italian Railroad Administration.

Why Railroads Specify "Ramapo"

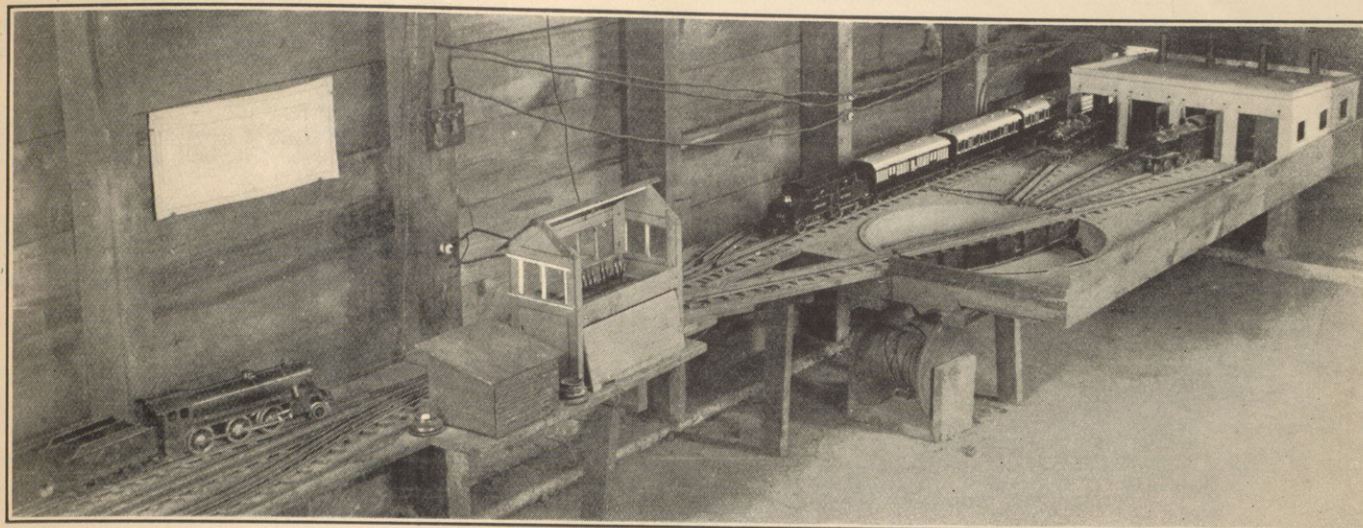
THAT so many railroad officials are specifying Ramapo patented appliances is strong evidence of their efficiency in actual operation.

The Ramapo Automatic Safety Switch Stand may cost more at the start; but when you consider the accidents and losses avoided by its use, and its long life of uninterrupted service, *economy* becomes its most outstanding characteristic.

The same is true throughout the entire list of Ramapo products—practical in design with exclusive Ramapo features, material and workmanship the highest degree of excellence, and our co-operation with the railroads by actual demonstration in service as to fitness and proper installation.

Let our engineers help solve your problems. Send for illustrated catalogue describing Ramapo products.

CANADIAN RAMAPO IRON WORKS, LIMITED
 NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, CANADA



TORONTO STATION.

A Miniature Electric Ry. System

By G. F. VOLLMER, St. Catharines, Ont.

LIKE most boys I was always attracted by trains. My ambition to have a railway system of my own was first fired by the gift of a steam loco with a bright brass boiler and oscillating cylinders which ran on a track made with wooden strips fastened down by common domestic pins to the floor of an attic.

Circumstances prevented my ambition being realized till 1920 though various railway models, such as freight cars, a 12-lever interlocking signal tower and a short length of track with a siding had been made previously.

As the object of the railway was operation I decided on the $1\frac{1}{4}$ " gauge, as this would make the station sidings of reasonable length, while keeping somewhere near the scale length for cars.

The general layout of the line is shown on the accompanying plan. It is built as a single track on a trestle about 12 to 18 inches above the ground, starting from Toronto Station in the garage, with a junction station at Hamilton and branches to Niagara Falls and Windsor. The rails are brass, flat bottomed, the greater part being scale 100 lb. rail for $1\frac{3}{4}$ " gauge but which looks very well indeed; the centre power rail is of various sections and is $\frac{1}{8}$ " higher than the track rails. The length of track including sidings is over 350 feet.

The track is practically level throughout except for the short 1% grades approaching Toronto and Niagara Falls. All curves are banked to suit the high scale speeds. Toronto Station was enlarged from the short length of track and siding I already had, and the other stations have been gradually added to and improved. All sidings will take at least a 4-car train; stations are about 18 feet long.

Power is supplied at 12 volts to the centre rail from an automobile storage battery, which is kept charged by a motor generator set in

the garage and operated from the house electric lighting system. Current is supplied to all terminals of the railway through heavy copper wire, in order to minimize the voltage drop.

Stations are Self-Contained

Each station is self-contained in that each has a separate control system, and stations are connected one with the other by buzzers operated by a transformer, allowing the operation of the trains on a bell call system. No attempt has been made to erect buildings or other depot accessories, excepting as cover for operating apparatus.



G. F. VOLLMER,
St. Catharines, Ont., inventor of the
miniature electric railway system.

At Toronto and Niagara Falls there are turntables, and at Windsor a Y, for reversing the locos. The electric connections for both turntables are so arranged that both the turntable track and the approach tracks are dead unless the turntable is locked in the correct position.

In the stations the centre rail is divided into various sections, each controlled by an electric switch. All track switches are worked from the operating station and are interlocked both mechanically and electrically where necessary. The current goes to the centre rail section switches through a reversing resistance controller. All locos are designed to reverse automatically on reversal of the main current, thus they can be run to any part of the station without being touched. The division of the centre rail into various sections permits the use of several locos in a station, though it is usually advisable to run only one at a time.

Passenger cars are 15 in number, 12 of English type bought in England, 2 of Canadian chair car type made up from aluminum castings and an English type dining car; all these cars are about 50 feet scale length, the longest that can be obtained from U.S. makers being under 40 feet.

There are 11 freight cars, 5 steel gondolas built for me by Mr. A. W. Line, of Dunkirk, N.Y., 3 wooden gondolas, a flat, a box car and a caboose, built at various times by myself, the box and flat cars being completed in 1912; the caboose was started in the winter of 1913-14 and completed on my return from France, in 1919.

Loco Power Varied

Locomotive power is very varied and includes tender and tank locos with steam lines of British make, and various electric types.

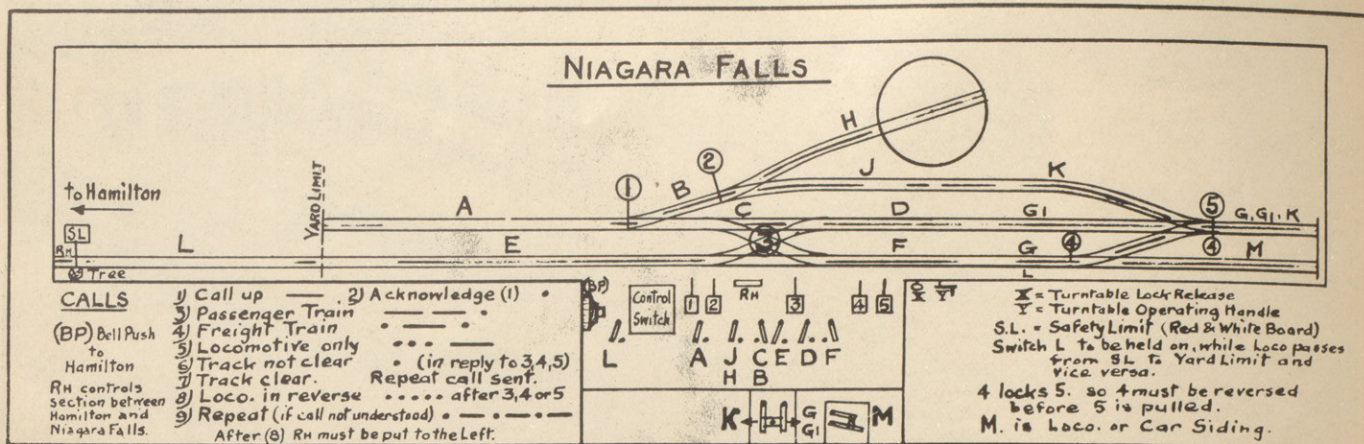
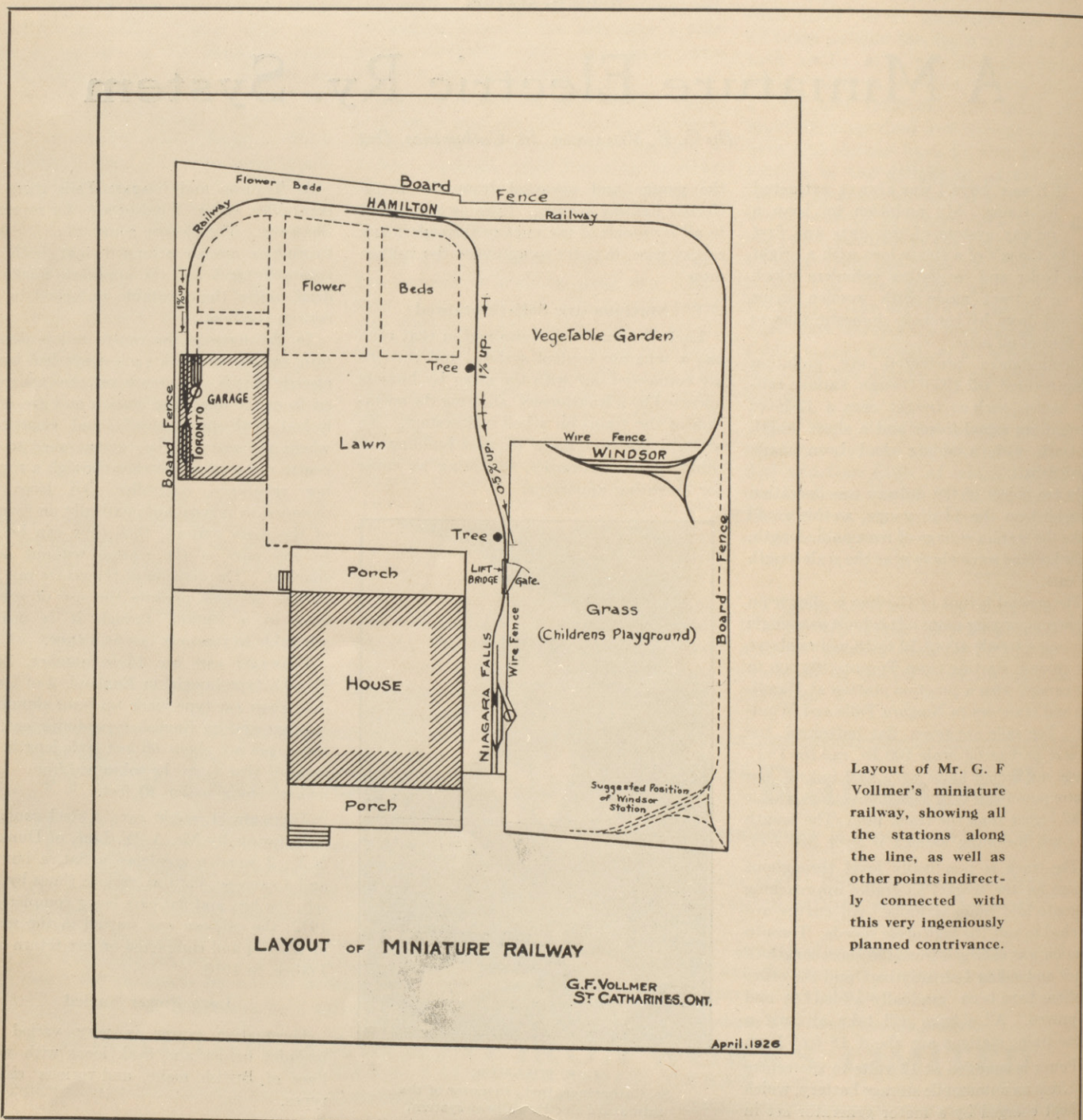


Diagram of Niagara Falls Station, showing signals and other parts of miniature railway system.



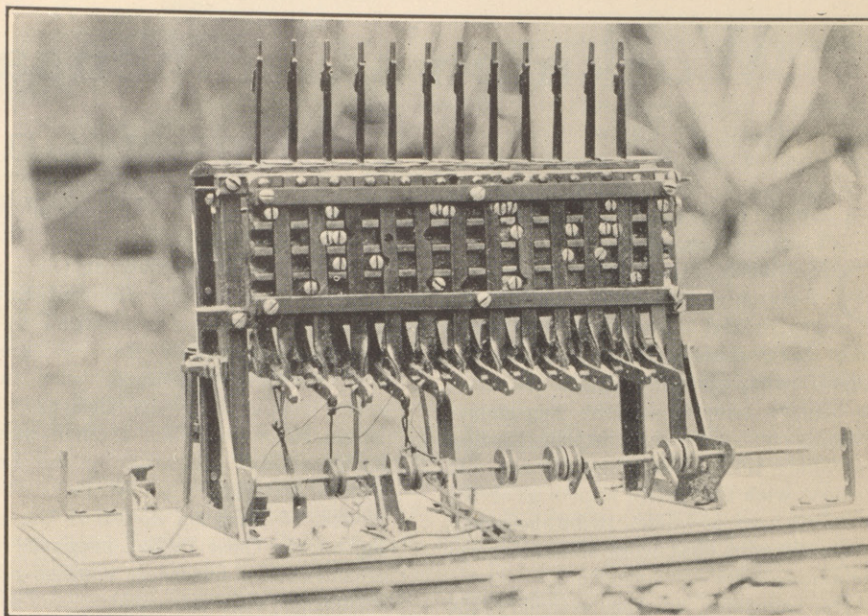
Layout of Mr. G. F. Vollmer's miniature railway, showing all the stations along the line, as well as other points indirectly connected with this very ingeniously planned contrivance.

Of the steam type there are two 4-4-0, and one 4-6-0 tender locos, also two 4-6-0 and one 4-6-2 tank locos. The electric types are one 0-4-4-0 of my own design and construction, one 2-4-2 and one 2-6-2 with Lionel bodies and British motors.

All cars and locos are fitted with link and pin couplings, the pins used being small size screw eyes not threaded which are much easier to handle than straight pins.

The 0-4-4-0 has two 6-volt Lionel motors in series with automatic reverser, fitted with British wheels. The scale weight is 260,000 lbs. and it has hauled 18 cars or an equivalent of over 600 tons. Timing it with a split seconds watch running light, over a scale distance of $\frac{1}{2}$ mile down and up the 1% grade near Toronto; it gave times of $7\frac{2}{5}$ seconds down and $7\frac{1}{2}$ seconds up, actual speed about 9 miles per hour and scale speed of 240 miles an hour.

I propose experimenting with two of the 12 volt 6 coupled mechanisms used in the tank engines by fixing them up as an 0-6-6-0 loco and seeing whether they will haul a scale equivalent of 1,000 tons.

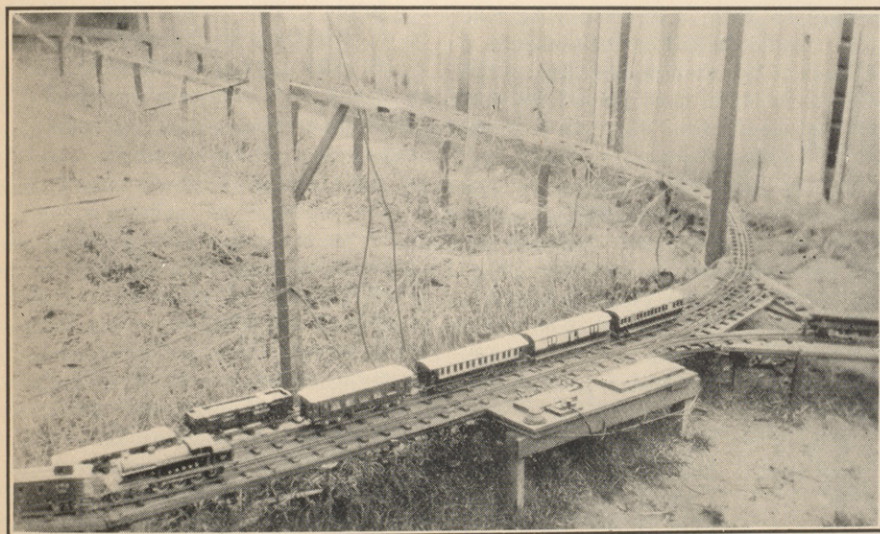


Twelve lever interlocking frame with locking for grade crossing. 4 derails, 4 home signals, 4 distant signals. Now installed at Toronto and locking altered to suit.

The stations are all made in sections which can be easily removed by withdrawing a few

brass screws. The trestle generally requires levelling up and aligning each spring when the frost comes out of the ground but otherwise stands up splendidly. The bridge shown on the plan and in the photo is designed as a plate girder bridge out of tinplate, but being hinged one end can be lifted over to allow passage to the children's playground. Lifting the bridge automatically cuts off the current for some distance each side of it.

For outdoor work I would recommend a higher voltage, say about 25 volts for this scale, as it would save cleaning off the rails which is easily done, however, with a medium sandpaper. Brass or copper is used wherever possible for track work and fittings so as to minimize corrosion. The planning, construction and operation have given the owner a very pleasant method of occupying his spare time; to run a timetable, however, requires four persons but I have only to enlist the services of my small son and two of several friends who are always willing to join in, to make an operating staff.



WINDSOR (ONT.) STATION.

The Scapegoat

DURING the war, especially, many a man was removed from office or from a high command more as the victim of a policy than for any sin or omission of his own. He was said to be a "scapegoat," because he was, more or less, suffering for faults that were by no means all his own.

This passage, from the Bible, illustrates the present use of the term "scapegoat": Aaron shall cast lots upon the two goats; one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for the scapegoat, and Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and offer him for a sin offering. But the goat on which the lot fell to be the scapegoat shall be pre-

sented alive before the Lord, to make an atonement with him, and to let him go for a scapegoat into the wilderness. . . . And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel. . . . putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness: And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities unto a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat in the wilderness."

Thus, through three thousand years or more, has this pitiful picture of the scapegoat come to us, to be used today as the symbol for a man who is the victim, more or less innocent, of other people's mistakes and errors.

AEROPLANES TO SAVE TREES.

In an attempt to exterminate the shouting beetle, which is doing extensive damage to plantations in South Africa, it is probable that aeroplanes will be called into use.

The pest is spreading rapidly over the Union and thousands of acres of eucalyptus trees are threatened with destruction. Aeroplanes will be used for the distribution of an arsenical dust over the trees. This method has proved very successful in America.

It is also hoped to help to save the plantations by introducing Australian parasites which kill the shouting beetle.

Failure to do an honest day's work is at best a mild form of dishonesty.

Workmen's Compensation--Some Comparisons

By J. L. LABRECHE, Chairman, Legislative Board, Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Province of Quebec

ON March 9th, 1926, Legislative Assembly Bill "17", an act to revise and consolidate the Workmen's Compensation Act, (Province of Quebec) was given its third reading. The bill, as adopted by the Legislative Assembly and published in the leading newspapers throughout the province, did not meet with the entire approval of the representatives of labor. It did, however, contain changes that were somewhat appreciable.

After adoption in the assembly the bill proceeded to the Legislative Council, whose members, true to practice, made a deplorable mess of it, the law, as finally adopted on March 25th, not improving the position of the workers of the province to any great extent. It may be said that about the only change worth while mentioning is that providing for first-aid and medical assistance, and even this provision has been limited to a period of six months.

Representatives of organized labor were among the many interested groups who followed the progress of the bill from its inception in the Legislative Assembly until its final adoption by the Legislative Council. In fact, it may be said that more than ordinary interest was displayed by the various interests involved during the discussions on the bill. Industry was represented in all its branches, while the medical and legal professions were also in evidence.

Not the least active were the representatives of the insurance companies. They, we are told, had many a conference with the cabinet ministers and with members of the Legislative Council and, by the means of memoranda and correspondence, endeavored to incline the minds of the legislators to their particular views. Perhaps the most noticeable memorandum submitted was that on behalf of the Canadian Casualty Underwriters' Association and designated by the Legislative Assembly as document No. 53. This memorandum is remarkable for the bold assertions contained therein and the somewhat peculiar ideas it expresses. It reads as follows:

9th March, 1926.
No. 53.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MINISTER OF LABOR RE BILL NO. 17,
RE: WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT. RE: INSURANCE COSTS.

The information given in the Legislature yesterday, by General Smart, as to premium rates charged by insurance companies for workmen's compensation insurance, was incorrect. Apparently the figures which he quoted were taken from a printed memorandum prepared by the Labor Party, distributed to members of the House. I have no doubt of the good faith of those who prepared the memorandum but their sources of information were inaccurate. Not a single rate quoted in the column headed Quebec is correct. I attach hereto a correct list from which the following examples indicate the degree of departure from accuracy: 3.25 should be 2.60; 1.25 should be 1.00; 7.43½ should be 5.94; 4.70 should be 2.60; 6.19 should be 2.07; 6.19 should be 4.95; 1.77½ should be .52; 6.19% should be 4.95; 8.15 should be 4.32; 8.81¼ should be 4.95; 7.16½ should be 5.75; etc., etc.

In the same sheet I discover some inaccuracies in the column, headed Ontario, from which it appears that the memorandum quotes 1924 adjusted rates and not 1925 provisional rates; .50 should be .60; 2.00 should be 3.60; 1.10 should be 1.50, etc., etc. These variations, however, are not so great.

I have not had time to check the other figures quoted in the memorandum, but it is plain that such inaccuracy in quoting Quebec rates may have some counterpart in the quoting of rates in foreign jurisdictions.

But that is not the whole story with regard to premium rates in Quebec. The rates quoted are basic rates only. To these is applied an experience rating plan which, using this basic rate as a starting point, gives to all risks which show a favorable experience the reduction from these basic rates to which they are entitled. It is, therefore, true that most employers in Quebec, who properly care for their plant equipment and their workmen, enjoy rates lower than the basic rates.

It is unnecessary to repeat to you, sir, the reasons why the maintenance of independent right of insurance is better than a commission plan. This evidence was given before the Royal Commission which, in its report, recom-

mended the continuation of the present system.

The present system leaves a field for free and fair competition. The commission system is a government monopoly. The question of expense is only one element in a wide and important problem which included other more important elements. The inspection service of private insurers, the accident prevention organization of the insurers is more important to the industry and the workman than a question of difference in cost.

Even in cost the answer does not finally favor the Commission. No one yet knows whether the Ontario Commission is solvent or deficient in funds. The accumulating liabilities of the Ontario Commission under its annuity plan are immense and have never been accurately valued.

There are other jurisdictions to compare than Ontario. In Great Britain and France, notwithstanding the tendency to socialistic legislation there, the commission form of administration has been avoided in favor of freedom of private enterprise, although the alternative has been often proposed. In the United States only eight states out of 49 use the state fund plan of insurance. In ten states there is a choice of the state fund plan or state insurance, and in these ten states 85 per cent. of the workmen's compensation insurance is placed with private companies, notwithstanding lower rates offered by the state fund plan. In 33 states private insurance or self insurance is permitted.

In Canada, Ontario has taken the lead in the state fund plan as it has taken the lead in other public ownership and socialistic legislative plans, but other provinces have found this lead disastrous. New Brunswick on the same plan and rates has brought its fund to a serious financial condition. Even the Ontario fund is not yet demonstrated to be sound. It has been very ably administered by a chairman, now deceased, who was responsible for early successes, but the cost to the public is constantly increasing, and the end is not yet. It remains a tremendous Government monopoly which is a menace to the public interest.

Quebec would be well advised to maintain the sound conservative position she always held of leaving private initiative and free competition to serve the public interest.

Your statement to the Legislature yesterday, in answer to General Smart, was a wholly admirable one and thoroughly sound. Experience will most certainly demonstrate its correctness. The Bill which you have drafted has done much to simplify procedure, reduce litigation and consequent expense. In these directions much can and will be accomplished in improvement by present conditions.

V. EVAN GRAY,

Chairman,
Canadian Casualty Underwriters'
Association.

It would appear from the foregoing that the C. C. U. A. would question the accuracy of the figures quoted in the comparative table of insurance rates prepared by the labor representatives of the province, and distributed among the members of the Legislative Assembly during the session. It may be said here that the figures quoted in the document, known as the "Memorandum for the Minister of Labor", are the basic rates. To this, however, should be added 25 per cent. when insurance is sold in the Province of Quebec, because our Compensation Act is administered by the Judiciary.

For the sake of comparison I will, however, omit the 25 per cent. applicable in the Province of Quebec, taking the rates quoted by the C. C. U. A., and will endeavor to show the enormous difference between the rates charged in industry and those paid by the consumer in the Province of Quebec, as against the rates charged in the Province of Ontario. I say, paid by the consumer, as we know that the employer does not pay insurance.

Rates of insurance in effect in 1925

in the Province of Ontario and those of the Province of Quebec, 1925-1926:

Ontario Quebec

Agricultural Machinery		
manufacturing	\$.60	\$2.60
Automobile m'fg.50	1.00
Blast furnaces	1.50	5.94
Boiler making	2.25	2.60
Brick work and masonry	1.20	2.07
Carpentry, structural..	1.20	4.97
Loggings.	3.25	4.95
Sewer construction . . .	3.50	5.75

In addition, another increase in rates charged by the insurance companies is anticipated by the inclusion into the act of first-aid and medical care provisions. The insurance companies do not deny the fact that their rates are higher, much higher, than those of state-administered systems. It will be recalled that Mr. Jones, who represented the insurance companies before the Investigating Commission, at their Montreal sitting of 1924, admitted this fact as did Mr. Gray of the C. C. U. A.

Why the Economic Waste?

Then follows the time-worn argument in favor of private companies insurance and a somewhat vague condemnation of the commission system, which is referred to as a Government monopoly. The argument is brief and does not receive the usual consideration given at other times and places by the insurance interests. The question is not new. It is as old as the insurance system for which labor has been asking for a number of years. This system is known as the German system, it being applied in Germany, during the year 1884. Its first enactment on this continent was by the State of Washington, in the year 1911. Since that time other states and provinces have followed and adopted it. It is worthy of note that the only complaints registered against the application of this form of compensation emanate from private insurance companies,

who have been either partially or totally excluded from the field of operation where such legislation exists.

It may also be said that instances can be shown where the employers have joined hands with the workers in an effort to exclude the private insurance companies. The State of Ohio is a case in point. (See Report of the Committee of Investigation on Workmen's Compensation Laws, March 1st, 1916, Province of British Columbia). Yes, the commission system is a monopoly. But is it more of a monopoly than that of insurance companies who handle compulsory insurance? Can we say, like the C. C. U. A., that private insurance companies, operating under the proposed system, leave a field for free and fair competition? Just look and see who is represented by the signatory to "Document 53".

Now a word as to the solvency of both the Ontario and the New Brunswick commissions. I am prepared to accept the yearly reports of both these bodies as correct, submitted as they are by men whose ability and integrity are above question. The reports show in minute detail the financial operations. They also show that the cost of operation of the Ontario Act particularly has not yet exceeded FIVE PER CENT. of the premiums collected.

If the insurance companies would publish a yearly report of their operations, showing the percentage of premiums collected, together with the percentage disbursed for administration, we would undoubtedly be edified. No doubt the figures would be illuminating and many employers who now oppose labor's efforts to secure a more equitable system might, in all probability, change their attitude. The employer who favors the present system of high insurance rates has chosen to pay for an extravagant expense and will saddle the cost on the consumer with a profit.

NEWS FROM THE BURIED GREEK WORLD

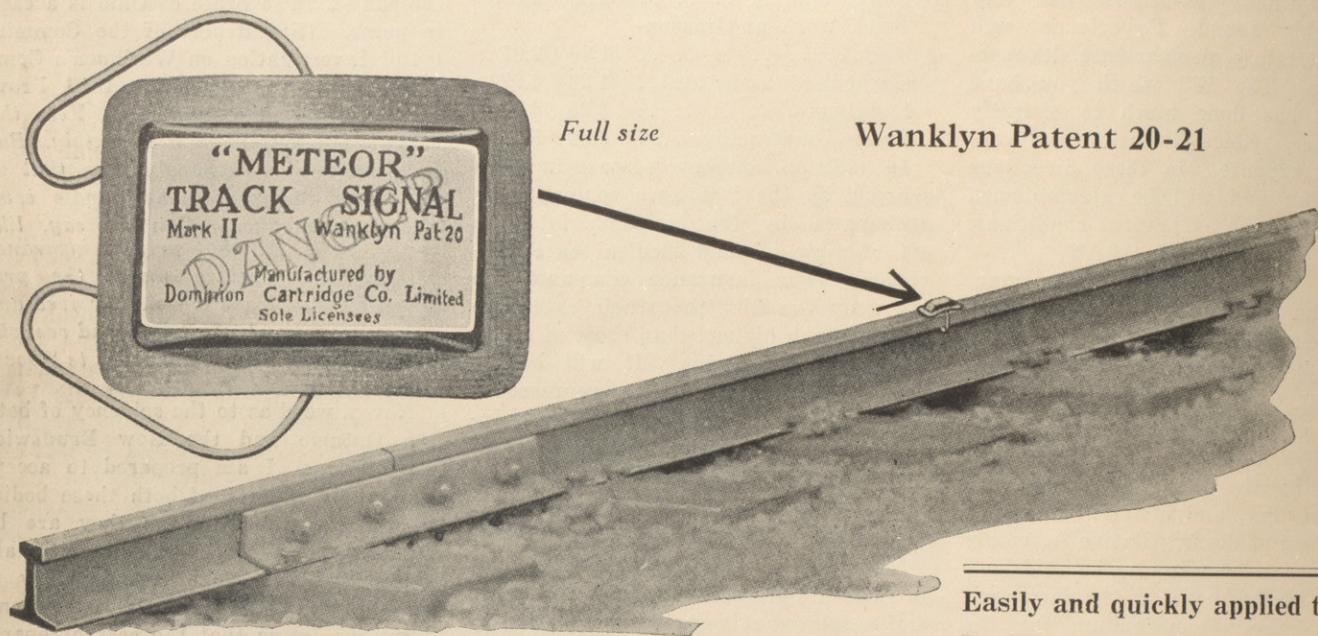
THAT probable works of the two greatest artists of antiquity, Phidias and Praxiteles, should recently be brought to light brings up the disturbing conjecture as to what other treasures the earth may conceal. America, fortunately, shares in the possession of these rich finds. A superb marble statuette of the goddess Demeter, said to belong to the fourth century B.C., and to be from the hand of Praxiteles, was recently discovered in Rome. "The importance of this statuette," says the London "Sphere," "lies in the fact that although numerous copies of Praxiteles figures exist, there is only one other authentic work by him in existence to-

day; this is the group of Hermes and Dionysius, discovered in 1877". The newly discovered figure was purchased by a prominent citizen of Philadelphia for £70,000 (\$350,000), "The Sphere" further informs us, and has been presented by him to the University Museum of Philadelphia. The other Greek masterpiece is thought to be from the hand of Phidias himself, and it comes to light during the excavations in the Street of Abundance in Pompeii. As recorded in "The Illustrated London News":

This bronze statue of a Greek youth was found recently during excavations in the Street of Abundance, Pompeii, by Dr. Maiuri, formerly Italian Superintendent of Antiquities at Rhodes. In sending us the first photograph of

the statue (now in the Naples Museum), Professor Halbherr writes: "The statue, five feet high and perfectly preserved, is still standing on its ancient pedestal. It was originally gilded, but the gilding has almost entirely disappeared, and has been replaced by that fine patina which is so characteristic of the Pompeian and Herculaneum bronzes. The pupils of the eyes were of enamel or glass, but are now wanting—the only damage to this statue." Dr. Maiuri declares that it is the finest masterpiece of Greek art found in Pompeii, and belongs to the School of Phidias, if not to Phidias himself, being probably a replica of the Phidias statue of the Elean ephebus, Pantarkes, winner in the boys' contest at Olympia, in 436 B.C.

"Meteor" Track Signal Will Protect Your Trains



"Surest and best rear end train protection ever offered"

(Endorsement of Railway Official)

Easily and quickly applied to Rail.
Positive, immovable grip.
No dangerous flying debris.
Water and Weather proof.

"Loud Detonation."

"Arresting Flash."

"Distinctive Smell."

OFFICIAL TEST

As reported to the Board of Railway Commission for Canada, by Chief Inspector of the Explosive Division, Department of Mines, Dominion of Canada:—

"The Detonation was found to be reliable under trials, the conditions of which were more severe than those likely to be encountered in actual service.

"The volume of sound is well above the average, sharp and arresting, accompanied by a brighter flash than given by any other torpedo tested and plainly seen from the cab of the locomotive.

"The detonation was not affected after the signals had been subjected to special treatment, for exposure to rain, snow, steam, saturated atmosphere and rough usage.

"No "dangerous" debris was projected at the trials, and the results were superior to those obtained with any other torpedo tested.

"The brass wire swivel spring is of a form which renders the operation of attaching the signal to the rail simple and quick, and cannot be knocked off by the wheel of the locomotive."

After tests under service conditions on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, practical railroaders affirm that no engineman can possibly run over one of these signals and fail to recognize that a signal is intended.

This opinion from men who are familiar with the use of track signals fully endorses all that has been said in favor of the "METEOR."

The "METEOR" differs from all other torpedoes. It appeals to three senses—Hearing, Seeing and Smelling—and thereby makes assurance trebly sure.

The "METEOR" has been adopted as "Standard" on the Canadian Pacific Railway and on the Canadian National Railway over their entire systems, also by other Canadian Railways.

CANADIAN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: CANADA CEMENT COMPANY BUILDING, MONTREAL

Barcelona, Old and New

By FLORENCE J. HAENSEL, in "The Cunarder"



FIGURES IN THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSIONS

Each parish church has one of these giant figures, as well as small ones, which are carried through the streets on platforms. As the figures revolve, all heads are bent, to express humility before God.

HAVE you ever noticed how driftwood collects in the calm spot in the middle of a whirlpool? If it may be assumed that that analogy works in matters geographical, Barcelona should be a most interesting place—for it has been the centre of a racial whirlpool ever since the first questioning Phoenicians pushed up from the south in search of slaves, loot, and adventure.

The most ancient and most modern city of Barcelona has seen them all—from Celtiberian to Bolshevik. Back in the centuries before Christ, when Rome was a collection of shepherds' huts, the playful aboriginal forefathers of all north Europe, allegedly the same stock as the original British, Scotch and Irish, killed their local aurochs just about where the funicular disgorges on Tibidabo. When centuries passed the armies of Hamilcar, Hasdrubal, and Hannibal met and clashed with that ubiquitous slogan of ancients, the Senate and the People of Rome—S. P. Q. R.—just under the hill where the Montjuick barracks now looms gloomily. When Rome passed from the sphere of practical politics and Frank, Swabian, and Visigoth came down to pick

up what remained, they were very much intrigued with the local Barcelonese and spent several centuries becoming thoroughly acquainted. More centuries passed and the Moors swept through en route to defeat by Charles the Hammer at Tours. In the romantic and unsanitary Dark Ages, Barcelona, seated turbulently by the open door, the most open door, between Spain and Europe, had perforce to act the host to every wave of force majeure which surged by. It has been under its own counts, from Wilfred the Shaggy, who started the line in the ninth century, to Berenguer IV., who married himself into the kingship of Castile in the twelfth, and became an ancestor of the Ferdinand and Isabella so closely connected with the Columbus legend. Under the Counts of Barcelona the city disputed the maritime supremacy of the Mediterranean with Venice and Genoa. They still, in warm after-banquet moments, remember that epoch with regret.

Anything much this side of Berenguer seems almost contemporaneous in Barcelona. The present Exchange uses a vaulted chamber finished in 1382. The Cathedral, erected on ruins of the original Roman citadel, was started then. The university was founded. With the revolt of the Barcelonese against Philip IV., (Velasquez's patron) and their election of Louis XIII. of France as Count of Barcelona we get a distinctly modern touch. Since that date the Barcelonese love their little revolt. In the course of these an English major general, none less than the "last of the knights errant," Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, stormed into the city—and the great Napoleon followed example just about a round century later. In the last century the Barcelonese have had major revolts (as distinguished from minor fights suppressed without calling out the artillery) in 1841, '56, '74 and '82. In 1909, when the present King felt it necessary to shoot Ferrers, they had the latest big parading of barricades. Other cities of the Mediterranean coast lands have had their thirty centuries of history; none more diversified than Barcelona. Roman pro-consul, Phoenician suffet, Moorish caliph, Count of the Marches, King of

Aragon and Castile, British Major General, the Man of Destiny, Revolutionary Committee of Safety, there is hardly any standard model of city executive which Barcelona has escaped, or any costume drama in which she has not already rehearsed a part.

All this historic background is duly set forth first, because, upon casual inspection from the sea, Barcelona is so painfully modern, with its residential suburbs all white



THE NEW BULL-FIGHT ARENA IN BARCELONA

Built like a Roman amphitheatre, this great arena is most impressive. If you look close you will see the typical watering cart, with three horses, and the two-wheeled delivery carts.

villas, and its manufacturing districts all tall chimneys. It is more apt to impress one as thirty centuries young than thirty centuries old. Closer inspection breeds doubts.

The core of the city, still its business centre, is a comparatively small hexagon which, until 1860, was enclosed by walls, not medieval but Bourbon, as modern an adjunct as the eighteenth century. But that hexagon contains remains that date back to Augustus Caesar, including its due share of Gallic architecture (among other things, fragments of a palace of the Emperor Charles V.), and a few, very few, "picturesque" sections. But just as they have built wide avenues like the Kingsway through parts of old London, so they had to drive modern streets from the Plaza de Cataluna ruthlessly down to the harbor wall.

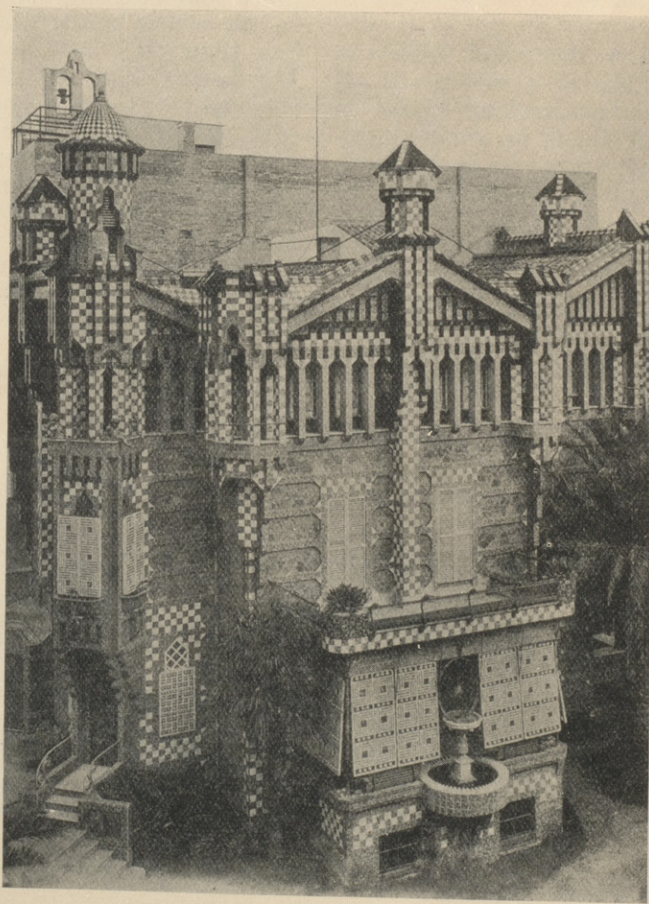
For Barcelona is the biggest city in Spain and its biggest seaport and industrial town, and the enormous New City which radiates out over the valley from Montjuich and the Old Town is a very lively place indeed. In fact, there is only one other Spanish city that need rival it in recommendation to the foreigner—that is Madrid; and the sole reason for this comparison is because of the latter's art wealth. As a residential city Barcelona is Spain's very best.

To begin with, there are the people. Writing, of course, as an American, it must always be borne in mind that all Latins are very foreign to us. The Spaniards, however much of Moorish blood their stock may or may not have absorbed (which is a very delicate question in Spain), are the most Oriental people an American is likely to meet in selecting a European and Mediterranean stopping place—Oriental in stolidity and indifference to the ways of outsiders, and to those amenities of living generally known as "modern improvements." In the Catalans, whose chief city is Barcelona, these qualities are minimized. A citizen of Barcelona is more likely to have, if not a cosmopolitan standpoint, at least an appreciation of it, than any other Spaniard. Which makes for pleasantness, from the outsider's viewpoint, in residing



AN ORIGINAL ARCHITECT

No copyist, but an original soul is this architect, who uses rounded windows to advantage and matches them in the scalloped fence.



A CATALAN EDIFICE

Color is dear to the Spanish heart and these colored mosaics and windows embellished with bright flowers and vine patterns, are highly original.

there. It is still distinctly Spanish; there is all the local color to be desired, from bull fights to the constantly recurring festivals.

In the second place, though it is not generally known, Barcelona, climatically, is a part of the Riviera—and is very much cheaper to live in. The average annual temperature of Barcelona is 60° F., that of Nice 61° F., that of New York 53° F. That of the three winter months of December, January, and February is 49° F. for Barcelona and 48° F. for Nice. The climate generally speaking, in matter of rain, raw winds, and humidity, is extraordinarily good. The vegetation is semi-tropical, and palms line the street, in the manner familiar to residents of southern California.

There is one feature of Barcelona which is unique, and that is the neo-Catalan architecture. For over a hundred years—or since the crystallization of the Empire and Adam styles, men have been trying to develop a style in architecture which would be something more than a rechauffage of previous successes.

There are only two places known where there has been any forward work done at all—one in the New Art circles of Austria and Germany, the other in Barcelona. In the examples of neo-Catalan architecture shown, the chief characteristics of the school may be noted. These are chiefly an attempt to provide new architectural forms, even such details as a semi-circular rather than a horizontal window sill, and a lavish use of color. The buildings with the checker-board effect, for instance, is made up of brilliantly colored mosaics. The window glass itself is colored with brilliant vine and flower patterns running over the panes.

It is usual to recommend the reading of certain books to prospective visitors to a foreign place. There are three which every visitor to Barcelona positively must read—having read these he will have a very fair background for both the dim beginnings and the lurid present of Barcelona, the much besieged. Two deal with Celtiberian days—Flaubert's "Salamambo" and

Ibanez's "Sonnica." Neither of these books deals specifically with the Barcino of their period—indeed there are those who deny that the Carthaginians ever honored our Lady of the Bombs with an assault in force—but they give a most vivid and extraordinary picture of what life at that time may have been, period of Cato the Censor.

The other is the masterpiece of Paul Morand, "Open all Night"—which gives an analysis of cinematographic brilliance of Barcelona of to-day. "My window looked out over a flat boulevard bedecked with palm trees. Children played there until two in the morning, digging with their spades in the electrically lit sand beneath the street lamps. Electric signs flickered. A soap advertisement traced its crimson path across a house front and died." Then there is this description of the chief outdoor sport of contemporary Barcelona. "He is surprised one morning on waking to see from the windows of his hotel the guardia civil in their yellow harness lying in ambush at the corners of the streets, waiting for the syndicated worker to issue forth. The artillery takes up its position in the public squares, machine guns are placed on the monuments" and so on. As this is written, November of 1925, the always dependable "New York Times" prints a new story with the heading: "Directory Quells Barcelona Riot. Attempt to Provoke a Rising in the Spanish Army is Admitted



ANOTHER BIZARRE EFFECT

In its own setting Catalan architecture is beautiful. Though many people consider it garish and overdone it is marked by great individuality.

by London Embassy. Many Arrests are Made." So there may be something in Morand's description.

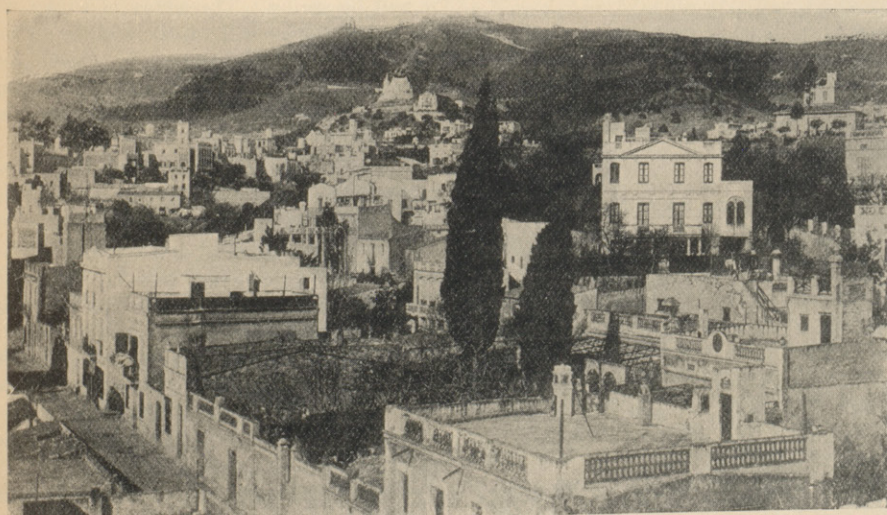
However, for the satisfaction of foreign visitors, it must be admitted that these ebullitions of Catalan temperament usually do not occur during the tourist season. There is a sort of gentlemen's agreement among all parties to that effect.

Travel in Spain

If one wishes to travel in comfort, or even in luxury, to enjoy airy rooms in first-class hotels, to partake of exquisitely served meals in fashionable restaurants, to dance to the music of an up-to-date orchestra, to promenade among modishly attired people of society, one should choose Spain, for all this may be found in Madrid, Barcelona or San Sebastian. One may leave Paris any day in the "train de luxe" and arrive the next morning at the Spanish border, after a comfortable night in a sleeper.

Thence another twelve hours in an equally well-equipped train will take one to Madrid, but one will do better to break the journey with a stay at the famous resort of San Sebastian, only half an hour's ride by electric train from the frontier station of Irun. There any one of half a dozen fine hotels will provide a room overlooking the marvellous beach and bay; one may enjoy ocean bathing, promenading, theatrical and musical programmes of the highest grade at the Casino. And here on the rugged shores of the Bay of Biscay and in the foothills of the Pyrenees lies some of Spain's most beautiful scenery.

Pro-Espana, 41 Broad Street, New York, will gladly give further information about travelling in Spain upon request.



AN INTERESTING SPOT IN BARCELONA

The Tibidabo from which one has a splendid view of the city and suburbs.

Irvin Cobb's Negro Yarns

THE dusky converts stood at the water's edge awaiting the ceremony of being dipped. The officiating clergyman—a bulky bishop of the colored Baptist church—saw fit to exhort them before he led them, one by one, out into the stream.

"My Brethren and my Sistern," he said, 'hark to my words. 'Tain't 'nuff that you should have words of thanksgivin' on yore lips. 'Tain't ample that you is shoutin' out "hallelujahs" and "amens" till yore throats is hoarse an' yore voices brek in the middle. No, suzz.

"Onlessen you got the spirit of the Lawd pressin' heavy 'pon yo an' the old-time religion in yore souls; onlessen you is filled wid happy hopes of the hereafter an' fear of old Satan; onlessen you feels that the angels is lookin' down on you wid favor frum Heaven above an' that the cherubims is singin' sweet praise fur yore salvation an' the Pearly Gates is done swung wide open to welcome you ez worthy pilgrims an' de golden harps is tuned fur you an' yore wings is waitin' to be fitten onto yore shoulders; onlessen you has all these here feelin's, you won't git nothin' when you is immersed in tne holy waters of the River Jordan—'cept wet'."

Mr. Irvin S. Cobb, the distinguished American humorist, author, and journalist, is a Southerner of the soil of Virginia. The anecdote printed above is one of many Negro stories scattered through his book, "Many Laughs for Many Days". Mr. Cobb, whose attractive personality is well known in literary and journalistic circles in London, is now a farmer in his beautiful homeland, and of all his anecdotes we like best these yarns about the colored people of his country. There is a story for every day of the year, some of them long, some short, but they are all well told.

The Happy Bereft

Callie, the colored cook, who had twice been widowed, waited upon her mistress to give notice. It appeared that she was surrendering her job to undertake matrimony again.

"Well, Callie," said the white lady, 'I hate to lose you, but I hope you're going to be happy. I didn't know, though, that you were even engaged.'

"Oh, yassum," said Callie. 'I been engaged now fur goin' on ten days.'

"Who is the bridegroom?"

"Wellum, he's a mighty nice man."

"Have you known him long?"

"Yes indeedy. Don't you 'member, Mizz Harrison, dat yere 'bout two weeks ago you lemme off one day right after dinner-time so's I could go to the fun'el of a lady friend of mine?"

"Yes, I do."

"Wellum, de one I'm fixed to marry is de corpse's husband."

Après la guerre

Following the close of hostilities two members of a colored labor battalion—natives of the same inland Georgia town—were waiting for a ship at Brest. Naturally, their thoughts dwelt on what they would do when they had been shipped back to the States and mustered out of the Service.

"Me, I done got it all figgered out," said one. 'I been takin' lessons from dese yere Frenchmens. Dey ain't got no race-feelin's; dey don't draw no color-line. So, I 'spects to carry on 'em I gits back jest de same ez I'se been doin' over yere—only mebbe mo' so! Things shorely must 'a' changed back home sence we been away. So, ez soon ez I strike our ole town I'se goin' git me some w'ite clothes, all w'ite frum haid to foot—w'ite suit, w'ite necktie, w'ite straw hat, w'ite shoes, ever'thing w'ite. An' I'm goin' put 'em on an' den I'm goin' invite some w'ite gal to jine me an' wid her on my arm I'm gwine walk slow down de street bound fur de ice-cream parlor. Whut does you aim to do w'en you gits back?"

"Well," said his companion, 'I 'spects to act diff'e't frum you, an' yet, in a way, similar. I'm goin' get me a black suit, black frum haid to foot, and black shoes, an' I is gwine walk slow down de street, jest behine you bound fur de cemetery!"

Poultry Quotations

The following is a favorite of Mr. Cobb—possibly, he says, because he has been hearing it for so many years—

"Late at night a farmer was aroused by drowsy cacklings on the part of his hens. Arming himself, he slipped forth and, suddenly rapping on the door of the poultry-house, he cried out—

"Who's in there?"

"There was a pause and then a quavering Afro-American voice spoke—

"'Tain't nobody in yere 'ceptin' jest us chickens."

One Thing at a Time

A colored man in Texas was enjoying the first watermelon of the season. As the celebrant sat in the back door of the general store working on his third slice, a friend dashed up to him.

"Jim," he gasped, 'Jim, dey's bad news fur you. Yore wife jest now fell daid frum heart failure!' The husband's cry was an inarticulate gurgle.

"Jim!" cried the bearer of ill-tidings, 'didn't you heah whut I'm tell' you? Yore pore wife jest fell daid. Ain't you got no grief to show?"

"The widower raised his head until the lower part of his face temporarily had lost connection with the dripping delicacy.

"Boy," he said, 'kindly stand 'round yere 'twell I gets th'ough wid dis watermelon an' then I'm goin' show you some grief.'"

The Color of Real Sin

The pastor of a thriving colored congregation in Jacksonville was speaking to one of his flock.

"Brother," he said, 'I hears very bad reports of your youngest son. That boy doesn't seem to do you much credit.'

"Credit?" rejoined his parishioner. 'Huh, you puts it mild. That's the worst child ever I seen in my whole life. In fact, Elder, strick'ly between ourse'fs, we regards him ez de w'ite sheep of de family!'

No Back Dates

Mr. Cobb tells the following as showing how an innate optimism can triumph over apparent ill-fortune—

"A light-hearted negro was found guilty of murder and the judge sentenced the smiling defendant to life imprisonment. As the hand-cuffed prisoner was being led across the courthouse-yard on his way back to jail, a friend hailed him—

"Hey, Jim, how long is you got to serve?"

"Oh, jest frum now on," answered Jim, cheerily."

The Arizona Version

Mr. Cobb says he has heard a dozen versions of the following classic. He likes best the Arizona version. The prisoner is a Mexican sheep stealer convicted of murder.

"Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, stand up!"

"The prisoner rose in his place.

"Jos Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales," said His Honor, 'in but a few short months it will be spring. The snows of winter will flee away, the ice will vanish, and the air will become soft and balmy. In short, José Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, the annual miracle of the year's re-awakening will come to pass.

"The rivulet will run its purling course to the sea. The timid desert flowers will put forth their tender shoots. The glorious valleys of this imperial domain will blossom as the rose. From every tree-top some wild-wood songster will carol his mating song. Butterflies will sport in the sunshine and the busy bee will hum happily as it pursues its accustomed avocation. The gentle breezes will tease the tassels of the wild grasses and all nature, José Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, will be glad.

"But you—you yellow-bellied Mexican son of a gun—you won't be here to see it, because you're going to get hung four weeks from this coming Friday."



".....The lilac ranges
That lift on the flawless blue."—Bliss Carmen.

(Scene in "Frigorous Sal", a First National Picture)

Fan Letters

By E. L. CHICANOT, Author of "The Canadian Motion Picture Industry", "Bringing Hollywood to Canada",
"Wanted, a Real Canadian Film", etc.

I HAD dropped into one of the larger moving picture studios in California to visit a friend, not an actor but merely something or other on the executive end. Waiting in the office, with nothing better to occupy my mind, I could not but notice the huge pile of letters the mail man brought in, an imposing aggregate which would have sent a prosperous business man into transports of joy over visioned orders. As I was curiously eyeing the impressive heap my friend entered and I drew his attention to it.

"Some correspondence" I said. "Films must be going over fine. But I thought the bulk of your actual business was done in New York. There looks to be sufficient mail there to occupy your entire staff without bothering about such matters as turning out new pictures."

"Give another look," he said boredly. "Not much business there. Much, much more romantic, Romeo," and he toppled the shaky pyramid over so that the mass of envelopes spread itself over the desk.

Certainly few bore the familiar, formal, typewritten lettering of the cold business communication. There was every style of calligraphy, from the immature, unformed hand of school girl and school boy to the bold, carefully fashioned copper-plate of the perfect office toiler. There was every possible kind of container, from the delicately tinted, subtly scented envelope so many ladies favor, to the rough, virile variety that are bought in packages for a dime, and later they disgorged everything that by a stretching of the imagination might be considered notepaper. Furthermore there did not appear to be one

of them addressed to the company but all individually to stars, whose names are household words the world over. In finally delivering many of them at their rightful destination the post office authorities had exhibited wonderful ingenuity. I looked at my friends inquiringly.

"Fan letters," he said succinctly. "We get bushels of them every day. Some days it seems to me as though everybody that sees a picture falls in love with someone in it and writes to let them know about it."

"Oh" I said, visions of a mighty business fading. "That's what keeps the incinerator going, what?"

"Not by a jugful" he replied, serious in a moment. "Don't make any mistake about that. Every one of those letters gets the attention it deserves, and if we discovered



Staging a thrilling episode in the Canadian Rockies.

they were being passed up the star in question would suffer a sudden eclipse. No sir, there's a good deal of misconception one way and another about fan letters, but you can start out with the very definite statement that every one of them is attended to."

I proceeded to learn a good deal about the epistles from moving picture enthusiasts and the attitude towards them of both the moving picture companies and the various stars in receipt of them. It was in the nature of a very interesting revelation.

Shoals of Letters

The number of fan letters, as they are broadly termed, received every day by the prominent motion picture companies at their studios, is enormous. At the particular studio I visited they were in receipt of between two and three thousand per week, and I was told that the figures ran much higher at other studios. Attending to this huge volume of unsolicited correspondence constitutes a really important and very essential phase of the daily work at the studio, and the lovesick fan who has been moved to pour out his heart to the girl or man who has won his heart on the screen little suspects how many individuals, in addition to that star, are interested in the receipt of that letter. This phase of studio work at the establishment I visited cost the company between \$1200 and \$1800 per week, and ranged considerably higher elsewhere, but it was judged to be well worth it. It was not simply a matter of courtesy, but essentially one of good business.

If the reader has got this far he will no doubt be inclined, as I was, to place all the writers of fan letters in the same simple-minded class, as silly, mushy, shallow and

over sentimental, moved to the most unreserved display of emotion from the idealizing of a pretty face or a handsome figure on the screen. One is inclined to broadly set them down as being possessed of a queer egotism, with a ridiculously distorted sense of proportion, and an unplumbed stock of hope. This is very far from the truth. Whilst the greater number of missives appear to come from school girls and boys, or those who have attained maturity with scarcely greater mental development, and get but cursory attention in the aggregate, though some attention they do receive, there are many serious and quite important letters which not only give a good deal of pleasure to their recipients but possess a very real value for the company and its artists.

Taken altogether there is a curious and interesting psychology about fan letters in which motion picture executives are well trained and expertly posted. A morning's mail at one of the studios is of engrossing interest to the student of humanity, revealing as it does queer sidelights on human nature and disclosing unusual traits and characteristics. These letters come from all over the world. They are penned by people of every imaginable kind, of many stations in life. The potent appeal of some bewitching face on the silver screen, combined with that hope which springs eternal, impels many an individual who may be ordinarily very conservative to unmask himself on paper so that his closest friends would never recognize him.

A great number of the letters received are simple, ingenuous, uncritical expressions of admiration for a particular star, coupled with a request for a photograph, from normal, enthusiastic movie fans who are either making a collection of the photographs of

stars or desire one of that luminary they particularly admire. Such are natural, healthy-minded promptings, and the requests are easily complied with.

The Hectic Ones

But there are others. Every day come the wild hectically-penned love letters, passionate epistles whose fervent outpourings leave not a thing to the imagination. There are innumerable proposals of marriage from people who seem to take their attachments seriously and be borne up by some degree of hope. Others pour out their love copiously but hopelessly, as if realizing it was destined to be unrequited and they, fated to drag out weary existences alone. There are numerous "if you had only met me in time" and suggestions that there is still time one way and another. It is no wonder that moving picture stars do reckless things once in a while. The wonder is they keep their heads as well as they do.

And not all letters by any means are from impecunious fans who have exhausted their substance over a series of prices of admission. There is a democracy of moving picture fans which levels rich and poor and the appeal of the screen is a mental and not material one. Many fan letters have a good deal more to offer than mere love. Letters implore the various stars to receive simple little gifts like tiaras, jewelled bracelets, fur coats and other trivialities—generally for value expected. The simpler communications in a morning's mail are supplemented by numerous parcels containing presents of every kind, some of which are not unkindly received by the stars to whom they are addressed but most of which ultimately seem to go to lesser members of the staff.

Specially interesting letters in a morning's mail at a studio, because they are simple, sincere and entirely unselfish, and because of the pure unalloyed joy they bring to the star recipients, are those received by child actors from their juvenile admirers all over. It is easy to understand the pleasure and admiration engendered in small hearts at seeing a child occupying the all important place on the screen but it is astonishing to discover the number of chubby little fists which write to tell them so. Probably these epistles penned with such enthusiasm and difficulty impart more genuine pleasure than any received by stars.

Stars Not Indifferent

It would be a mistake, however, to conclude that more mature stars are indifferent to their fan mail. Stars are, after all, human beings and react to the feelings of others as all human nature does. At times they get a good deal of amusement out of their unsolicited mail, though, as a rule, it takes something a good deal out of the ordinary to stir them from the boredom the continuous receipt day after day of hundreds of these letters has developed. But a star not infrequently gets so interested in the contents of a letter from

an unknown correspondent that a regular correspondence results though the two, probably separated by great distances, never meet.

At the studio I visited, a star, famed and loved in many countries, was writing regularly to a young boy whose first letter had charmed her with its whimsical pathos. He lived in the Hebrides Islands of Scotland and when his family decided to emigrate to Australia his pleasure in going to the new country was marred by the apprehension that he would no longer be able to see his favorite on the screen. He told her so, she answered, and they are still corresponding. Another great luminary was writing regularly to two little Phillipino schoolboys whose first quaintly spelled letter won her sympathy and elicited a reply which developed into a regular correspondence and made the two youngsters the envied of their school.

The most important division of these letters has not yet been mentioned, this comprising serious and intelligent communications from unknown fans setting forth their views or impressions, purely disinterestedly and expecting nothing in return. There is, very fortunately, a type of individual in the world, whom everybody likes though few try to emulate; that is the individual who, when he has thoroughly enjoyed something, is filled with a sense of gratitude and must seek out the author of his pleasure and let him know about it. He is to be found in moving picture houses as well as elsewhere. There is, similarly, the individual of the reverse type who is only able to discover the faults of a production or the star's rendering of the premier role. This predestined critic, who must immediately likewise rush into print, is likewise a movie fan. The letters of both these people are highly valued by

The chance of being spilled into the icy waters of the glacial lake north of Banff, Alberta, doesn't appeal to Estelle Taylor, even though Thomas Meighan is holding her hand. They spent some time in this territory filming scenes for Mr. Meighan's next Paramount picture, "The Alaskan".



moving picture companies and the stars of the screen. They are unfeignedly glad to receive the missives of the first and endeavor to profit by the stricture of the second.

Task is Heavy

The task of caring for this pile of correspondence which comes to the studio every

day is not a light one, but so far from being regarded as a nuisance few companies would like to see the aggregate dwindling. These epistles are from the really enthusiastic movie goers, the ones into whose life the movies intimately enter, those who fill the theatres every night. Such a decline in the volume of correspondence indicates in an unfailing manner the waning popularity of stars. Broadly, the magnitude of a star, his rising or setting, may be judged fairly accurately from the number of fan letters he receives. Nothing so dogmatically asserts that a star has been definitely eclipsed as the absence of these letters in the morning's mail.

In addition to this general indication of individual status the more intelligent letters, giving reasonable praise or imparting constructive criticism are of very real value and no company would be without them. They indicate very readily how pictures are going and leave in their wake suggestions for future productions. After all, the spontaneous expressions of an audience's reactions are better indicators than box office receipts. All things considered fan letters are about the best barometer of the rise and fall of stars and the real success of certain pictures.

There is a definite system of caring for fan letters as they come in to the studio. Where a producing company has made itself responsible for a star's publicity it looks after the replies to the great bulk of the mail and bears the cost of so doing. Stars who are merely engaged for a production and arrange their own publicity naturally see to their own correspondence of this nature. The majority



A thrilling moment in "Frigorous Sal", a First National Picture.

of the letters contain a request for a photograph, and as this is a sort of consolation to the writer of any letter, however wild and unreasonable, the usual method followed is to reply by a photograph signed by the star in question. It was estimated that the despatch of these cost sixty cents apiece so it is easy to see what a substantial item this represents each week.

On the average it occupies a star about one hour a day of his busy time to attend

to his share of fan letters. In most cases it is only possible or justifiable to send a signed photograph, though many correspondents are answered personally and at length. Some artists, and among them are to be found some of the greatest luminaries of the screen, are exceedingly conscientious about their fan letters, endeavoring to answer as many of them as possible, and spending the greater part of their leisure in corresponding with these unknown admirers.

Did Dickens Invent the Flapper?

By EDWIN PUGH, in "John O' London's Weekly"

TWENTY years of close association with the most ardent body of Dickensians in London have brought me to the sad conclusion that very few of them know any of Dickens's books, excepting three, at all intimately. Those three are "Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," and "A Tale of Two Cities." I have been associated with anti-Dickensians (if I may so call them) virtually all my life, and I have found that as a rule they know their Dickens rather better than his admirers do. Of those more or less indifferent about Dickens, who vote him dull, long-winded, old-fashioned, I have the same thing to say as I have of the Dickensians and Anti's: they have studied only the earlier and not the later books. They are only slightly acquainted with, and have largely forgotten "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "Little Dorrit," "Great Expectations," and "Our Mutual Friend." Yet these five novels, though they do not manifest so vividly the genius of their author, are in the matter of artistry far ahead of their predecessors.

They are, above all, remarkable for their faithful depiction of character. No psychological novelist of the modern school, however subtle and elaborate his methods of analysis, approaches Dickens in this vital quality of being able to reveal the hearts and minds of the creatures of his imagination. That these people that Dickens put upon paper from sixty to seventy years ago were real types and no caricatures is proven by living testimony to the fact that they still exist.

For example, in "Our Mutual Friend," Lavinia Wilfer.

Lavvy was what we call nowadays, or did yesterday—for fashions in nicknames change almost as fast as fashions in women's dress—a Flapper. She was the daughter of a poor clerk whose unhappy fate it was to be perpetually henpecked by his wife, a tall, angular wo-

man, very stately and impressive, much given to tying up her head in a pocket handkerchief, knotted under the chin, and wearing gloves indoors, which array she seemed to regard as a sort of armor against misfortune (invariably wearing it when in low spirits or difficulties) and as a species of full dress.

Younger Sisters

Lavvy has as little respect for this pompous, long suffering mother of hers as some modern boys and girls seem to have for their parents. She is further exasperated in that her older and more beautiful sister Bella has thrown over an old flame, George Sampson, or rather thrown him at—Lavvy. A lady friend, calling on the Wilfers, invites Bella to go for a drive in her carriage, and adds, "If you like to bring your sister with you. . . ."

"Oh, my consent is of no consequence at all, I suppose?" Lavvy bursts out. Bella asks her to have the goodness to be seen and not heard. "No, I won't!" cried Lavvy. "I'm not a child to be taken notice of by strangers. . . . and I won't be taken notice of. 'Bring your sister,' indeed!"

Mrs. Wilfer remarks that Lavvy has grown. "Ma," Lavvy interposes, "there can be no objection to your being aggravating. . . . but I really must request that you will not drag in such ridiculous nonsense as my having grown when I am past the growing age." "I grew myself," Mrs. Wilfer proclaims, "after I was married." "Very well, Ma . . . then I think you had much better have left it alone." Her mother calls her a minx, which was in mid-Victorian days quite the appropriate nickname for the kind of girl whom we now call a Flapper. "I don't care whether I'm a Minx or a Sphinx," retorts Lavvy . . . "it's exactly the same thing to me, and I'd every bit as soon be one as the other; but I

know this—I'll not grow after I'm married! . . . No, Ma, I will not. Nothing shall induce me."

Poor Old Mother

She goes from bad to worse in her treatment of her mother. On the anniversary of the Wilfers' wedding-day she whispers to Bella:—

"Look at Ma . . . If one was the most dutiful child in existence (of course on the whole one hopes one is) isn't she enough to make one want to poke her with something wooden, sitting there bolt upright in the corner . . . Indeed I do not believe there ever was any human creature who could keep so bolt upright as Ma, or put such an amount of aggravation into one back! What's the matter, Ma? Ain't you well, Ma . . . You don't seem very brisk, Ma."

"Brisk!"

"Well, Ma . . . since you will force it out of me I must respectfully take leave to say that your family are no doubt under the greatest obligations to you for having an annual toothache on your wedding-day, and that it's very disinterested in you, and an immense blessing to them. Still, on the whole, it is possible to be too boastful even of that boon."

Is not this the very essence of Flapper? And to complete the likeness Lavvy is very scornful and flippant in her treatment of George Sampson, who, still dumbly adoring Bella, is nevertheless constrained to pay court to the younger sister. She ridicules and flouts that unfortunate young man whenever he ventures to utter a word. So, he is usually to be seen with the round knob of his cane in his mouth like a stopper.

The very type of man, I suggest, that the Flapper of today seems to have always dangling after her. Indeed, I fancy that any man of a more robust type would very soon put an end to her Flapper. So that in this detail, as in every other, Dickens was faithful to his model, and shows us (what most of us have always been pretty sure of) that the Flapper of today is merely the Lavvy Wilfer of seventy years ago, with shorter hair and in shorter frocks, but in all other respects her true lineal descendant.

It is estimated that telephone despatching increases the efficiency of the despatcher at least 50 per cent, according to the "Railway Review."

Plans have been made by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad to equip observation cars on their transcontinental trains with flood lights to permit passengers to enjoy scenery at night

The Oil Electric Locomotive

A SYMPOSIUM on the oil-electric locomotive was held recently before the leading engineers in New York City. So great was the interest in this new type of motive power for railroads that the meeting hall in the Engineering Society Building was crowded to capacity.

Close attention was given to discussion by scientists as to the advantages, possibilities and probable development of the locomotive department of the oil-electric in the railroad field. Its place as compared with the steam locomotive was brought out.

Particular attention was given to the question of the oil-electric as against heavy

advance in economical motive power that offered great possibilities for the future of American railroading.

An Infant Prodigy

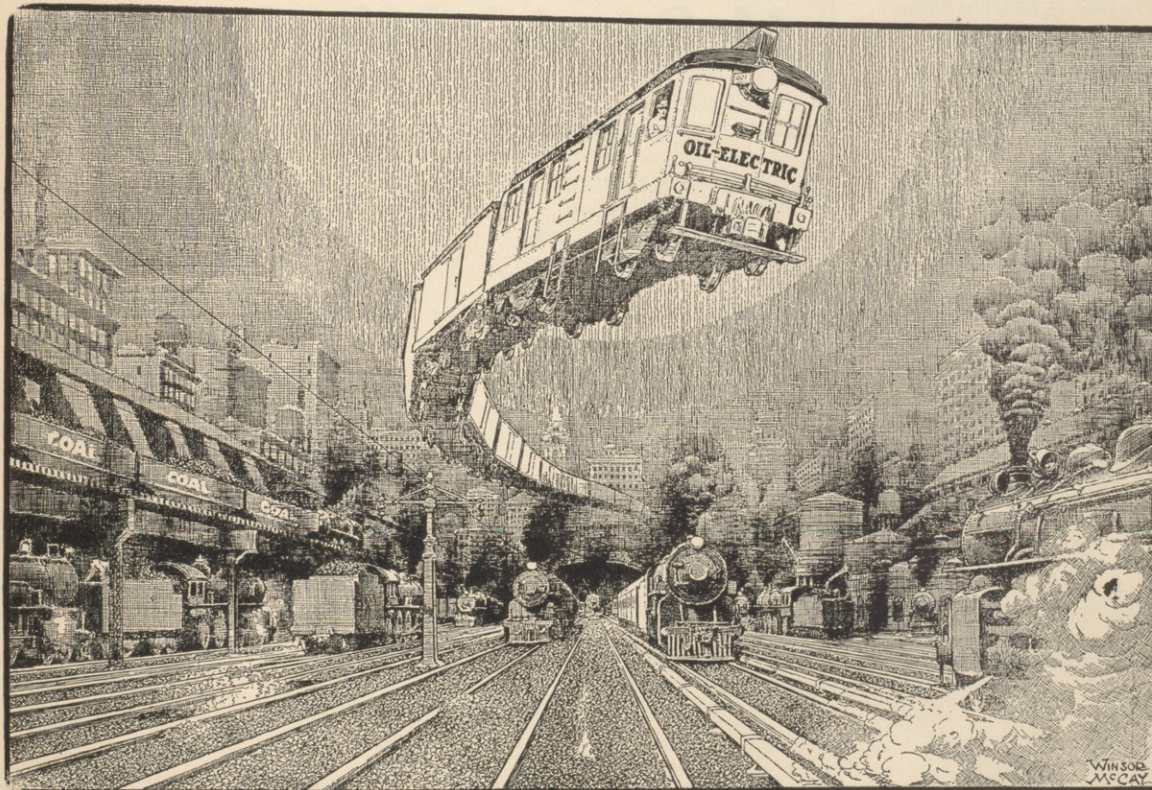
In opening the discussion C. A. Stein, general manager of the Central Railroad of N. J., gave specific examples of the disadvantages of heavy electrification. He hailed the advent of the oil-electric locomotive as an infant prodigy that has a wonderful future ahead of it. Mr. Stein said, in part:

"Very few believed a few years ago that the oil-electric locomotive was going to amount to anything. But we felt that there

with particular reference to short branch line service, terminal operations, switching in yards, or in short haul traffic.

"One of the cardinal and principal objections I see to it I have already mentioned, and that is the extremely high first cost. It seems to me that that is a tremendous barrier, and it is probably the answer to the problem as to why electrification on railroads has not gone on more extensively.

"I feel that I can discourse only upon some of the disadvantages of electrification, and, on the other hand, on some of the advantages of the oil-electric locomotive that led us to adopt it as the first railroad in this section



electrification because at the present time many railroads contemplating electrification of their lines are reported as having held these plans in abeyance in order to have more time to study the oil-electric.

Among those who addressed this meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the American Institute of Mining Engineers were C. A. Stein, general manager of the Central Railroad of N. J.; N. W. Storer, general engineer of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, W. B. Potter, chief engineer of the locomotive department of the General Electric Company, and Edwin B. Katte, chief engineer of Electric Traction of the New York Central. These and other speakers voiced the opinion that the oil-electric locomotive had proved an

was something in the oil-electric locomotive. Our confidence in it justified us after awhile in purchasing one, when we realized the situation that confronted us in New York City. And we feel today that the oil-electric locomotive is an infant prodigy; perhaps it has a most wonderful future ahead of it; there is no telling what the ramifications of it will be and what the possibilities are for its development.

Will Never Electrify

"I have often been asked the question by the people along our line: When are you going to electrify the Jersey Central? My answer to them has always been, 'I don't know'. Personally, and not officially, I don't believe that we will ever electrify it. I hesitate to answer the questions as to what I feel are the disadvantages of electrification,

of the country for any switching service. The first locomotive was purchased from the combination of the General Electric, the American Locomotive, and the Ingersoll-Rand people in the latter part of last year and placed in our Bronx terminal. Since then I believe a great many others have been sold, largely on the basis of the service that the locomotive has rendered under the severe test that it was put to.

"Enumerating some of the advantages that the oil-electric locomotive possesses, in the first place you have there a self-contained unit; you have a machine where you make your power, where you supply your power and where you use your power all within a single entity. Disturbance elsewhere will have no effect upon it. It seems to me that that is one of the important requisites for any installation of that kind. You require

no heavy investment to provide a heavy peak power load or power requirement. Your machine is self-contained. It is simply a question as to the size of the machine that you want to use and the number of machines that you have business for. And if you do not need such a machine you can lay it up.

"If you reach the conclusion that it is desirable to adopt some other form of locomotion, some other form of power than the steam locomotive, you can do it by a gradual substitution. In the case of electrification you have got to prepare your plans in completeness and in their entirety; you have got to go along with the capital expenditure in all its fullness. In the case of the oil-electric locomotive you simply buy your machine as you need it. Your progress in the work can be gradual; you only need to buy as many from time to time as the requirements of the case demand. All of these dangers that I enumerated with respect to the electrification installation are removed; in the case of the oil-electric locomotive you run up against none of those difficulties.

Continuous Operation Assured

"You have no power house, no power line, no transformer stations, or anything of that kind, to give you trouble; no extraneous influences, as I remarked before, have any effect upon the particular situation that you are handling with the oil-electric locomotives. Therefore, you are guaranteed continuous operation.

"From such meagre computation as I have made I believe that the oil-electric locomotive has a greater thermal efficiency at the rim of the wheel than any other form of power that has been so far used in the handling of traffic on the railroads.

"It just occurred to me to-day, that to my mind you do not need the same high grade mechanics to operate the oil-electric

locomotive as you require in your electrification installations. I believe you can get along with a different grade of men. You do not have the large initial investment; you simply buy the locomotive as it stands.

"There are a great many advantages that electrification and the oil-electric locomotives have that are common to each other—advantages over steam operation. You do away with your water tanks; you do away with your coal stations; you do away with the traffic troughs between the rails where you scoop up water while you are in motion; you get rid of all your ashes and the necessity for handling them.

"Now, with respect to the reasons that led us to the adoption of the oil-locomotive at

our Bronx terminal. We did not go into the matter hap-hazard. We studied it for a very considerable period of time. We anticipated the possibilities for about a year; and we placed the study of the problem in the hands of our mechanical department.

"After summing up the whole situation and evaluating it from the standpoint, first, of those representing each particular device and then placing our own interpretation upon their presentations, we felt that in the interest of efficiency and economy for that particular place, the oil-electric locomotive would render us the best service. We find that the oil-electric locomotive is costing us at the present time about one-fifth of what the steam locomotive cost us there.

"I am simply in a position of this kind; I believe that the oil-electric locomotive is a machine that has come to stay."

Maintenance U. S. Railroad Labor Board, created April 15, 1920, has cost \$2,101,376, including appropriation for fiscal year ending June 30, 1926.

An all-electric car retarder system has been placed in service on the Illinois Central hump classification yard at East St. Louis, Illinois.

In 1811 the first steamboat descended the Ohio River from Pittsburgh to New Orleans.

The centre of negro population in the United States is in the extreme northwest corner of Georgia.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY, COAST STEAMSHIPS,
DINING CAR SERVICE, MOUNTAIN HOTELS DEPT.

Ironing Out Railroad Worries

THE morning switch-engine shoved a presumably empty box-car alongside the loading platform of a Southern factory making a food product, as the story is told by Robert S. Henry, a railroad man, in "The Nation's Business" (Washington). It was an innocent enough looking box-car, closed, but its floor was covered with watermelon rind left in the car by its late consignee. When it was opened the food factory had to shut down for half a day while all hands and the cook turned to the job of exterminating the flies. And here is another incident:

A consignee on the Gulf Coast received a carload of tile, shipped from north of the Ohio River. He unloaded the car, or was supposed to have done so, and the car started home, empty after a manner of speaking. When it had gone 600 or 700 miles of its return journey a connecting railroad refused to receive it. There were 3,000 pounds of broken tile in it. Finally the delivering road turned out part of a section gang and finished unloading the car.

Little incidents of that sort are among the things that get discussed at meetings of the Shippers' Regional Advisory Boards of the American Railway Association. They are small things to come up before bodies with such impressive titles, but enough of such incidents, scattered all over the country, can come very near to constituting a problem.

The problem of getting the receiver of freight to clear the dunnage out of the car, and leave it in the right sort of trim for the next shipper, is in a fair way of being solved by cooperation between railroads and the people who use them.

There are fourteen of the boards, the first one organized in the Northwest three years ago, the latest organized in New England just last summer. Among them they cover the country and bring nearly ten thousand shipper-members into closer contact with the operating and traffic officials of the railroads. They afford the shipper, large or small, but particularly small, a ready and convenient forum where he can get things off his chest.

The procedure of the boards is informal, their functions advisory—but for all that, they are having a great hand in the improvement of railroad service that has been such a striking feature of business life these three years past.

At a fairly typical board meeting there will be from fifty to two hun-

dred shippers, representing twenty or more lines of business. There will be, perhaps, twice as many railroad men, representing transportation, traffic and claims departments principally. And they will spend a day or two earnestly discussing such practical matters as rules for distributing cars, rules for transferring excess loads, better methods of loading cars, more accurate weighing of cars, or ways and means of cutting down the time that cars are held in terminals—not forgetting the little matter of getting cars clean.

The boards, of course, are not exclusively concerned with regulations for handling overloaded cars, or getting rid of watermelon rinds. There is hardly anything connected with the operating side of the railroads which has not been discussed with results that have been a large factor in the successful transportation performance of these present days. Mr. Henry goes on:

Getting more tons into the car has become a sort of national sport with habitual shippers.

Neither emptying cars nor loading them avails much if the cars are not to be had when needed. The Car Service Division of the American Railway Association is charged with the duty of marshalling the country's supply of cars to meet the needs of various industries and various sections at various times of the year—a job with a deal of variation, as may readily be imagined. It is in this phase of car-service work that some of the most notable contributions of the Shippers' Boards have been made.

Three years ago there was a drought in the Southwest. It became necessary to get the stock out in a hurry. Stock cars were rushed from all directions, but neither individual railroads nor State commissions were able to allocate them according to the exact needs of the job in hand. More than half the cars that had been rushed in had to be returned empty to the lines that had sent them. Last year, in a somewhat similar movement, there was hardly a wasted car. The live-stock committee of the Southwest Shippers' Board had come into being in the meanwhile, and was able to tell where the cars should be sent and how many were needed.

Examples could be multiplied, but they all would go to show the same thing, that organized shippers' cooperation is a big factor in railroad performance.

A not unnatural effect of such cooperation has been the practical dis-

appearance of complaints to the Interstate Commerce Commission on service matters. During the first full year of operation of the boards, thirty-eight matters of such importance that they would have been major disputes before the Commission were satisfactorily adjusted. During the next two years there was hardly a single complaint to the Commission dealing with car service and transportation matters, as distinguished from traffic and rate questions. A better way had been found.

This does not mean, of course, that there have been no complaints. Railroad men and shippers being human and fallible, there will always be differences of opinion and complaints about service. The Shippers' Board organizations find one of their chief fields of usefulness in providing a ready and informal channel through which complaints of this sort can be handled.

If the little shipper feels aggrieved, he need no longer let his grievance fester and rankle inside of him. He can put it before the handiest member of the commodity committee for his particular line of business, who either directly or through his chairman can handle the matter, if it has merit, with the railroads.

Michigan farmers raising potatoes came to the conclusion that the old-line potato-buying houses weren't giving them all that they should for their crop. Cooperatives were organized. The cooperatives felt that the railroads weren't giving them a fair split of available cars. The railroads felt that the cooperatives were ordering more cars than they needed—a practice that was common back in the days of car shortages. There were all the elements of a first-class Interstate Commerce Commission complaint in the Michigan potato situation.

The Great Lakes Board was organized. At first the potato cooperatives would have none of it. Finally they sent a representative. The quarrel between the cooperative and the old-line buyers became so intense as to threaten to break up the meeting of the perishables committee. But there were present others who were able to take a somewhat detached view of the controversy. They intervened.

The railroads were called into the thing, the whole situation was cleared up and peace descended upon the potato war.

These shippers' boards, it seems, recognize and give effect to the human element in the problem of supplying, distributing and using freight-cars. And there's a lot of it.

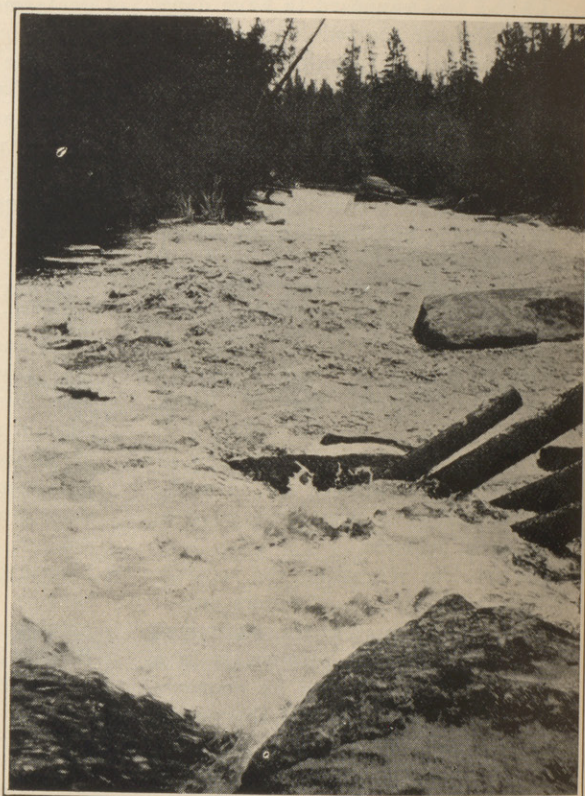


THE DAM

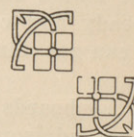


A SEQUESTERED SPOT IN ST. FAUSTIN

JUNE in the Laurentians



BOULEE RIVER



Quiet streams and
leafy woods in the
vicinity of Lac
Superieure, Que.,
alluringly beckon
amid the luxuriant
beauty of early
summer.



THE DEVIL RIVER



LOOKING;
OUT
OVER
THE
RIPPLING
EXPANSE
OF LAC
SUPERIEURE



THE POOL

The Passing of The Inn

By H. BELLOC, in "G. K.'s Weekly"

I HAVE just read a fine book upon the English Inns, written by Messrs. Richardson and Eberlein, packed with illustrations of every kind, with anecdote, with history. Such a book, and the sight of so many hostelryes and their past, call up in me a profound sadness.

For undoubtedly the English Inn is doomed. It was the noblest thing of its kind, unique in Europe; but I defy any man to tell me the avenue whereby its restoration to life may appear. The truth is an unpleasant one for the English reader; and as modern England will not tolerate unpleasant truths, I am sure it will be fiercely denied. But true it is. By all observable signs, the English Inn is doomed.

The phrase is shorthand, like all phrases. No one can make absolute prophecies. All sorts of miraculous chops and turns appear in the history of nations. But in this case the thing does seem unescapable.

The reason the news is particularly tragic in the English ear is that the dying thing was so intensely national. The two things which have marked England for at least 400 years, or perhaps 500 years, have been the neat beauty of the parish church and the domestic glory of the inn. Even in Henry VII.'s time, if I remember rightly, a Spaniard remarked on the church and the inn of the English village.

When I consider the excellent inns of the Continent, I find them of a different personality altogether; they have traditions often older than ours; some few of them are more splendid, but not one of them has what all of ours had until within my own memory and what many of ours still preserve against odds, as their death approaches; I mean a power of capture, and inhabitation by a spirit which dominates the guest; a quality of personality stronger because older than the traveller's mood.

There is another thing about the English Inn, its multitude. You may stop in the famous coach house at Namur, and then walk three days up the Meuse, and long days at that, before you come to the ruins of another such place destroyed in the war. But the good English Inn was everywhere. It was never a long walk from one to another. I would leave the White Hart at Steyning to find the White Horse at Storrington. In the same morning I would drink (in the days when this was allowed) at the little Bridge Inn before it was time for lunch, but take lunch at the Blue Bell. Then,

too, I find Petworth close at hand, Lulington and the famous Spread Eagle at Midhurst, and two miles on another famous house, and four miles on another, and at the end of ten a third, the George of Petersfield. So a man might go all along through England and find these glorious houses at every turn.

There was never worse murder done than the destruction of the English Inn; but destroyed they have been; the soul is out of them, and it is only history now (it is no longer politics) to consider the cause.

What killed the inn was capitalism or if you like a wider term, plutocracy; the new fashion of Government in this country by a secret small group of rich men. There's another unpleasant truth for you to digest! Behind this, of course, was still a wider cause, the inability of the populace to defend their own; that mood of abject obedience which is the ruin of states.

The ruin of the inn by a few rich men began in two very separate ways, the falsification of liquor, and the buying up of the inns by the big capitalist interests of brewing and distilling, but principally of brewing.

When I was in the House of Commons, I saw and heard most good things ridiculed and evil things defended. But I remember what the House of Commons thought most impossible of all, most ridiculous, most indefensible, was a proposal for a law to examine the common beverages of the people and to punish their adulteration, their being made of false materials. There was still a remaining ghost of protest left those twenty years ago, but to the professional politician it already seemed monstrous that the English people should have any claim on him and his paymasters. What! were the rich men to be punished for selling chemicals as beer? Were the secret methods they used to be brought to light? And was the plain man to be given a voice in one of the best necessities of his life? Worst of all, were the methods by which great fortunes arise nowadays so strangely to be examined and exposed? It was an enormity! It was out of nature! Why, at this rate, you might as well have an inquiry into the bribes taken by Ministers—and that would have been the end of all things.

It was the same way with the tied house. There was still in my time, twenty years ago, a little squeak of protest left. A man brought in a bill about once a year (as a mere form) to restrict this

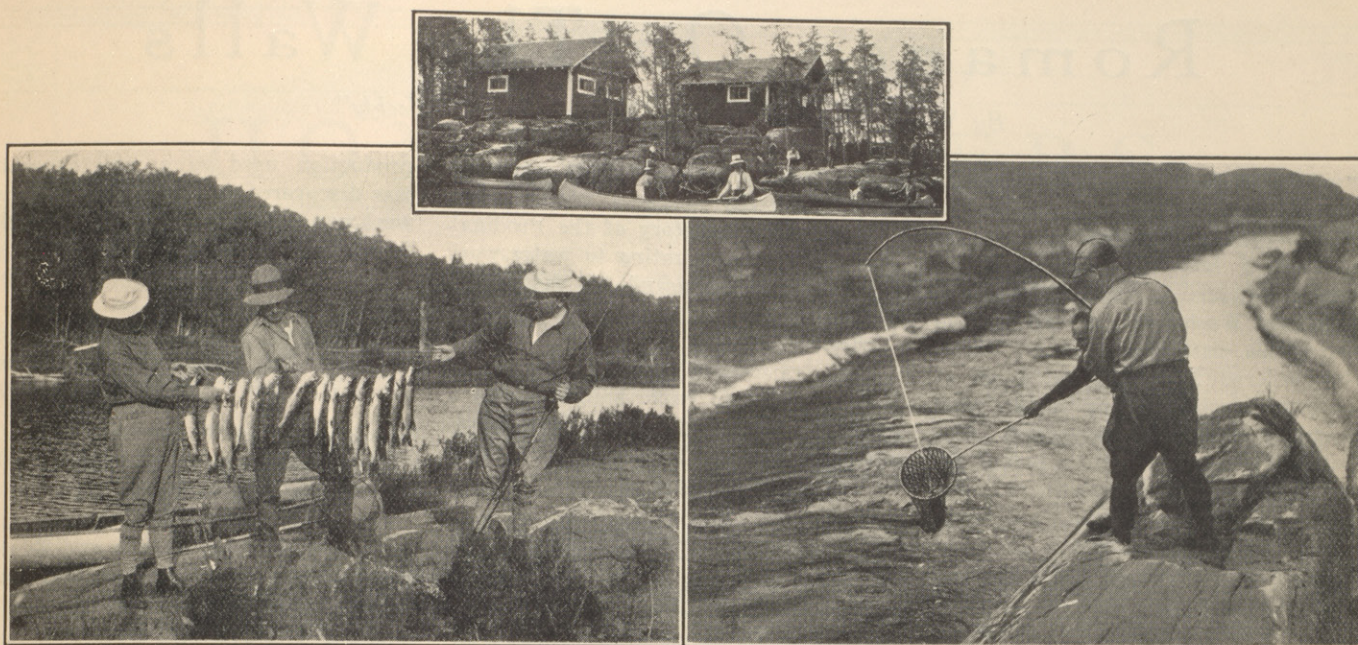
anti-social monopoly. He brought in the bill and that was the end of it. He might as well have brought in a bill for preventing multiple shops, or the secret granting of contracts and monopolies to the blackmailers of the politicians.

That was how the thing began. For the monopolists the public pleasure had no meaning nor right living, or any of those things. Meanwhile, the liquor should, in their view, be produced as cheaply as possible, should be drunk as largely as possible, in as short a time as possible and under as crowded conditions as possible—for all those four conditions meant money. The monopolist was out for money; and his millioned victim has lost the courage to resist. Then, of course, the monopolist was free to take the last step but one, and he has taken it. He has reduced his expenses to the minimum by seeing that his politicians should enforce an artificial restriction in hours when the poor man may drink. He has, of course, continued to oppose with all his might the introduction of human conditions in space as in hours, but he was not called upon to exert that might very much. It was all plain sailing. No one dreamt of standing up to the oppression, and no one will.

I say the last step but one; for there is yet one more step to be taken—the voting to the monopolist of a large perpetual annual sum to be paid out of our pockets, and the appointment of officials with fat salaries to attend the deathbed of the English Inns. So the process comes to its end. It will not last much longer, and a pretty sight it is. The whole thing is masked under loud cries of "Trade," on the one side and some sort of puritan fanaticism on the other. Neither of these has any real power: neither "The Trade," that is the individual managers of tied houses, nor the puritan. The real power lies now with those who control the big breweries and distilleries, and with the banks who control them—and all of us.

So farewell to the English Inn. It will perhaps last my time, but not very much longer, for it is bleeding to death. It will make more and more money and so justify, when the time comes, a larger payment to its anonymous owners out of our pockets. I have said.

A recent contest designed to provide a nickname for the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railway resulted in "Connecting Link" being adopted.



Upper—Pine Rapids Camp at French River.

Lower left—The result of two hours' fishing at French River.

Lower right—Now for breakfast.

French River Is Fisherman's Paradise

By OZARD RIPLEY

THESE is a fascination to fishing new waters hardly equalled by the number of fish which are taken. Because every stream and lake has its peculiarities, a certain amount of study of local conditions is necessary. Successful fly and bait casting is study, especially when applied to bass and trout fishing. The man who devotes most time to studying a new lake or stream comes back home not only with fish but a perpetual mental picture of the resort he visited in the summer.

If everywhere the bait or fly caster went he took fish just as he pleased then the real spice of the visit to the waters would be lost. Nobody appreciates anything in this world which is easily obtained. The real creed of sportsmanship is solving new countries, new waters and deriving most pleasure from the unexpected. Streams and lakes are living things and deport themselves accordingly. They may be full of all kinds of game fish and yet yield us nothing until we bow to local conditions and agree that they need sensible study.

The first musky I ever took on a fly was near Pine Camp rapids, on French River, in Ontario. The people vowed it could not be done. There were long trials before I succeeded and yet a little study brought some facts to my knowledge. Late in the evening I found that some of these big boys had a penchant for dropping over the little, swift fall

and preying on the wall-eyed pike which were so abundant below. The very first white feather-minnow I cast after becoming possessed of this hunch connected me with a nice one that gave me a merry half hour following up and down the rapid before victory came to my credit.

In the lower Nipigon last summer where the river ends its course in Nipigon Bay I was singularly fascinated by the clear, swift water and the poor results I had with ordinary trout and salmon flies, then every once in a while I could see one of the immense red-spotted fish rise along the east bluffs below the Canadian Pacific bridge. I knew for quite a while that these big trout were by nature minnow feeders; their special favorite was the little local chap harboring among the rocks, the cockatouche. But what pleasure would there be in taking one of these kingly brook trout with bait? Study of the river gave me an idea. Then for a lure I attached a quarter ounce snap swivel sinker to a feather-minnow made of Plymouth Rock rooster hackles. That is how I took my first five and one-half pound brook trout last summer in the Nipigon.

There are bass lakes and bass lakes, bass streams and bass streams. This applies to the far South as well as the far North. Studying them carefully is what pays. I had to observe and study,

and right off my solution came to me that the bait or fly fisherman wants to fish in the very places to which the worm fisherman never ventures, and wait until he sees bass feeding in these parts before he presents his artificial offerings. As far north as Maniwaki in Quebec to the big mouth waters in Louisiana the same thing prevails. Right away is elucidated the necessity for studying waters, the habits of the denizens and everything thereabouts which will make or mar the sport.

INVENTED STEEL PENS

The name of Joseph Gillott will always be remembered because he substituted the steel pen for the quill. He was a watchmaker and jeweller, and one day accidentally split one of the fine steel instruments he used in his work, just as he was called upon to affix his signature to a document.

No quill being at hand, he took up his spoilt tool and, scarcely expecting it would be a substitute of any use, began writing his name with it.

To his surprise he succeeded admirably. He found the fine split steel more efficient than the pens to which he had been accustomed. Quick to see the possibilities of this accidental discovery, he began to manufacture steel pens. He amassed a fortune by doing so

Romance On The Walls

By W. H. Brooks, in "T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly"

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S exploits in chopping trees are known to everybody, but few have heard the story of how he once papered a room. Lafayette, it seems, had promised to pay Washington a visit, and in honor of his distinguished guest Washington ordered from England a set of wallpaper, which was one of the most fashionable luxuries of the period. Unfortunately the guest arrived before the paper. Washington, however, was determined not to be beaten, and when the parcel ultimately arrived he commandeered the services of Lafayette, and proceeded to hang the precious "pieces."

What success attended their efforts is not recorded, but the story shows what romance there may be hidden in an apparently unromantic subject such as wallpaper.

Sculpture and Skins

But there is romance in wallpaper. It has its forebears in the crude cave drawings of prehistoric man, and its lineage can be traced from the wall paintings of the Egyptians, Greeks and Carthaginians, and from the skins of animals that adorned the castles and palaces of the rich in the Middle Ages, sculptured bas-relief, colored tiles and stucco, and embossed and painted leather and woven tapestry.

An extremely fascinating subject is the "life story" of modern wallpaper, and in "A History of Wallpaper," Messrs. A. V. Sugden and J. L. Edmondson trace its transition through the centuries, and give us the first complete record of a craft which had its origin in Palaeolithic paintings. The immediate forerunners of wallpaper were tapestries and "painted cloths." Shakespeare makes many references to the first named, and his description of how Falstaff fell asleep behind the arras at the Boar's Head, in Cheapside, is well known.

Falstaff's Design

Shakespeare's allusions to "painted cloths" are particularly interesting, for they mark another stage in the evolution of wallpaper. The authors say:

The practice of painting in water colors on cloth seems to have been followed in England to a considerable extent, and this material being cheaper than tapestry its use spread among a class for which tapestry was too dear to buy. . . . In Shakespeare's "King Henry IV.," Falstaff, trying to cajole Mistress Quickly at the Boar's Head into pawning her plate and her tapes-

try in order to pay his debts, urges:

"And for thy walls—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries."

The transition from tapestry and painted cloths to paper-hangings was a gradual process. England's first paper-maker was John Tate, who set up a factory at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire,

RECIPE FOR SUMMER

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

FOR perfect strawberrying wait till the sun is high

And take no basket. Let the fields be warm

Down to their roots. Then choose a meadow Of sheeted daisies mixed with buttercups, Sloping if possible to an expanse of sea.

Be sure the clover is abundant there, So that you breathe its fragrance with each breath.

If birds are singing, pause to listen to them Till sight and smell and sound are all commingled

In one emotion; then, facing north, Look for your berries near the reddening leaves,

And, having found them, pick the ripest ones, And eat without delay, staining your fingers— To you will find the recipe for summer.

just before the close of the fifteenth century. Long before then, however, paper was being imported into this country from Italy and Germany, and in 1588 Sir John Spielman, a German, established a mill at Dartford and employed 600 men.

But the question as to who is entitled to the credit of being the first considerable producer of paper-hangings is not quite clear. It is generally believed to have been a working paper-maker named François, of Rome, some of whose wood blocks are stated to date 1620 and 1630. The authors of "A History of Wallpaper" incline to the opinion that François merely exploited an existing practice, and that possibly 150 years before Western Europe was using paper for decorative purposes.

The Great Fire of 1666 destroyed many of the early specimens of wallpaper, but the oldest surviving specimen of "patterned paper of European

production used as a wall decoration" was discovered as recently as 1911, when workmen at Christ College, Cambridge, found that the beams of a ceiling were covered with an ancient paper bearing a black and white design on one side, and on the other, English black-letter printing, including fragments of a poem on the death of King Henry VII. (1509).

A Royal Innovation

In France it is claimed that the "domino" type of wallpaper was the real forbear of modern wallpaper, but, according to Messrs. Sugden and Edmondson, the "domino" design was not a French invention, but was imported into Europe, it is believed, from Persia, and it was used, among other things, for lining cupboards, and boxes, and for "the end pieces" and coverings for books. Italy, however, is generally regarded as the European home of the "domino" paper, and the French, it is held, merely borrowed the idea.

The introduction of Chinese wallpapers into this country at the time when Pepys was keeping his Diary had an important influence on the craft, and Chippendale recommended it as a background for some of his famous creations. When in or about 1724 Kent, the architect, was commanded by George I. to redecorate Kensington Palace, he made what was regarded at that time as "a startling departure" by papering the King's drawing-room. After that wallpaper took an assured place in the interior decorations of the English home.

Shelley's Admiration

Among the many interesting stories told by the authors having a direct bearing on their subject are a couple in which the central figures are Shelley and Leigh Hunt. When Shelley was expelled from Oxford, he went with Thomas Jefferson in search of rooms in what is today the Oxford Road, of London. Here they found apartments, the walls of which were covered with trellised paper displaying growing fruit with huge clusters of grapes. Shelley had seen nothing like it before. He was delighted. "Splendid!" he exclaimed. "We will stay here for ever!"

Leigh Hunt, imprisoned for writing an article which offended the Prince Regent, had his room of confinement papered with wallpaper illustrating the blue sky, flowers and birds. Among those who visited him, and joined in the admiration of the painted roses, were Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Lamb.

HOME - MAKERS

Take a New Angle

FAMILIARITY breeds blindness! Have you ever tried what the film people call "taking a new angle" of your home? Have you ever looked at it through a stranger's eyes?

Try to do so next time you enter it and then make a note of all the points you observe, all the small shabbinesses that mar the harmony.

Is the paint round the finger plates worn? Are the finger plates themselves tarnished or cracked? Both these small details can spoil the look of the hall or a room, and they can so easily be rectified. A pot of enamel will hide the worn parts and you can get brass or bronze finger plates for a trifling sum—or you can paint them over to match the color of the door.

That nasty green stain which appears in baths when the taps drip can be enamelled over and new washers put on to prevent future drips.

Sometimes housemaids use soap containing soda on the zinc tiling in the bathroom with the result that the pattern comes off. It will look like new again if you touch up the pattern with enamel to match.

Have you noticed that the oilcloth is getting threadbare? Of course you know that it is wearing out, but it does not offend your artistic sense because you have become accustomed to it, but to a stranger it spoils the whole effect of the room.

Take it up and stain the floor. It is not a difficult matter, and polished floors and rugs look delightful.

The carpet looks faded and jaded! After going over it with carpet soap till it is quite damp, rub the afflicted parts with cold water dye of the required shade. It will take years off its life.

The tread of the stair-carpet is worn. It does not matter very much to you as you go rather wearily up to bed, but what about the visitor waiting in the hall?—it positively "knocks her in the eye."

Buy some wools to match it, and, sitting on the stairs, darn over the worn thread in some semblance of the van-

ished pattern (one need not be too exact). You will be surprised to see how fresh and bright it looks again.

That old basket chair that the cat sharpens its claws on can be made an asset instead of an eyesore with the aid of a quart's worth of enamel in some color suiting the room. Scrub it first and then put on two coats of enamel. If you feel very energetic you can outline it with a contrasting shade or with gold paint. It will look like one of those very decorative cane models that are so delightful, but so expensive.

Is the gas fire looking old and spotty? It only wants a coat of lacquer—not a very long job?

A little cash and a paint brush will work wonders in any home, and cheer up the family, who may be feeling depressed by shabbiness, without realizing it.

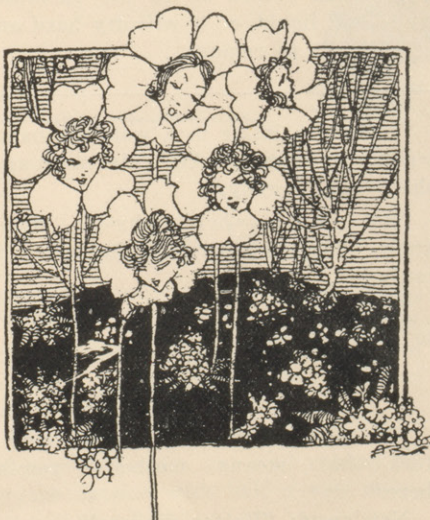
Mind Your Looks

WE all know the kind of day when we feel we are looking our plainest and don't care if we do; when, unless an urgent need appears, such as a particularly tempting invitation, we simply can't and won't be bothered trying to improve matters.

An occasional off day such as this, we say to ourselves, is a very good thing; it is a real rest, mentally and physically, to wear something old and not bother about our hair and hands and complexion. But there is a danger in that argument—the danger of "now and then" becoming "pretty nearly always." Then instead of merely having unpolished nails and unwaved hair, we find ourselves with neglected hands and unkempt locks. And once slackness about personal appearance begins to become a habit, it's good-bye to good looks altogether.

Primroses

*PALE primrose, pearly star of spring,
Upon your bank soft-clustering
Sweet faces to the changeful sky—
The drunken world goes rolling by—
Heedless of pearls the angels fling!*



NOR reck he of their ministering,
But rootles acorns in the sky.
I scarcely breathe—God is so nigh,
Pale primroses!

OUT here, the happy thrushes sing,
And the soft wind goes whispering:
"Love is so delicate a thing—
As these—so delicate and shy!"
Will he not find you, ere you die,
Pale primroses?

GWEN NISBET.

Curing Furniture Troubles

DENTED or bruised furniture.—Wet the dented or bruised part with warm water, then make a pad of brown paper by doubling it over six or eight times. Soak it in water and lay it on the place. Then hold a hot iron over it till the moisture has evaporated. Repeat until the bruise completely disappears and the surface of the wood is level.

Another method of doing this is to apply a thick pad, made from several thicknesses of old, soft rag, and soaked in warm water, to the bruise and leave for twenty-four hours. Renew the pad, freshly damped, if the bruise has not disappeared. Polish afterwards.

Drawers That Stick

This is one of the most annoying of furniture troubles, and unfortunately one of the most frequent. The cause may be faulty workmanship or the use of unseasoned wood which has warped; or the runners on which the drawers slide in and out may be worn.

If the drawers are thoroughly badly constructed or the runners quite worn out with use, the amateur can do nothing.

However, if the trouble is due to the swelling of the wood, planing sometimes helps matters. But it is no good planing unless you know just the right point to attack. Here is a very good method of discovering the faulty spot.

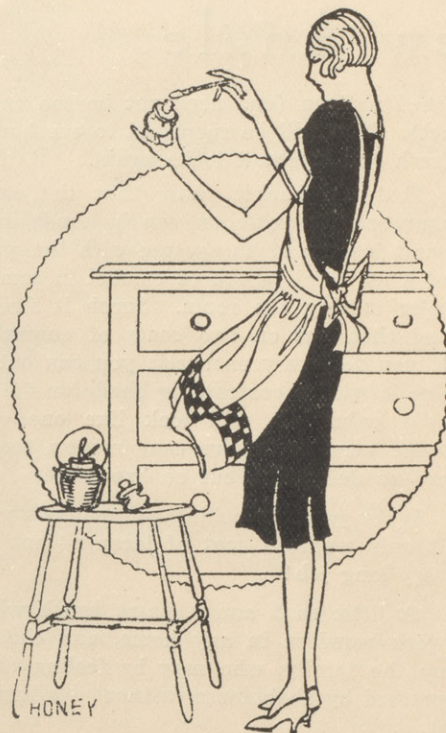
Take out the drawer and mark the places where you think it sticks with a very soft black-lead pencil. Then run the drawer in and out several times, take it out and examine the body of the chest, to see whether the pencil has smudged it.

You will then know the exact place to plane; all you have to do is to shave off the pencil marks from the drawer with a small plane, or, if you have one, a ship's deck scraper. If you have neither, try rough glass paper. You will have to

work very hard with this latter, though, to make much impression on the wood.

Another more amateur method which is sometimes successful in slight cases of sticking is to grease the runners well with soap or beeswax.

Wooden knobs which have come out of their places can easily be refixed with the aid of a little glue. Use one of the



Don't be too lavish with glue.

patent glues on the market, which can be used cold.

Glue must be applied both to the opening of the furniture and to the screw or peg of the knob. Don't be too lavish with it, but, on the other hand, be sure to put on enough.

Push the knob firmly home and do make sure that it is not handled until it has stuck perfectly. Wipe off any glue which comes on to the furniture while still liquid, or it will dry hard and be difficult to remove.

Mistress: "You don't know what the geyser is? I thought my other maid explained before she left—"

Maid: "Well, ma'am, she did say as how the old geyser would need polishing up, but I thought she was speaking disrespectful of you, ma'am."

He sat in his chair at the end of a busy day.

"Are there any fashions in that paper, Jack?" asked his wife, anxious to borrow his newspaper.

"Yes, but they're quite out of date, dear. It's this morning's paper."

"I found a letter in a woman's handwriting in your pocket this morning," she began, angrily.

"But what—where—why—I didn't know—did you open it?" he asked in confusion.

"I did not; it was the one I gave you to post yesterday."

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh, I've dropped a fork—that means mother's coming here."

Newlywed: "Butter fingers!"

Smile in the Morning

A GIRL once remarked to me: "I's no use a man protesting his love for me under a moonlit sky, when I'm looking my best in my newest evening frock, with my nose carefully powdered. I shouldn't be at all convinced. I'd just invite him to our house, when I know I'll be doing the chores in my oldest cloths, and if he felt the same about it, I'd begin to believe he was sincere."

It is the same with one's manner to those one lives with, says Elizabeth Woodward. The only charming manner that really deserves full marks is the charming-early-morning manner.

It is easy enough to be sweet and gracious over a dainty little dinner, dressed in one's best, but it is far more worth while to send one's husband off with a happy heart and a warm smile in the morning.

Have you ever meditated upon the awful fate of a man who has to sit opposite a disagreeable, or gloomy or even just dull face over his breakfast coffee every morning of his life?

It isn't a pleasant idea, is it? And yet it happens to quite a lot of nice men who find that after they are married, the One Woman in the World never takes the trouble to be really amiable first thing in the day.

True, men usually immerse themselves in their newspapers at breakfast, so you may think they don't notice. But atmosphere matters tremendously and your attitude is bound to influence them.

Those girls who are not their sweetest, sunniest selves in the morning may, of course, be suffering from that bugbear—liver! If so, a glass of cold water and five minutes' exercises before dressing will work wonders. But more often in these days when women keep their bodies healthy and active with sports, it's just habit.

Natural laziness is at the bottom of it, and with a mighty effort one can break oneself of slouching down to breakfast with a muttered "good morning," and burying oneself behind the tea-tray as though nothing and nobody mattered except the business on hand of demolishing cups of coffee and slices of toast in frigid unsociable silence.

If Nature has not bestowed on you the blessing of waking up with a smile on your lips, do please — for the good of your soul, and the success of your marriage—cultivate one!

When the days go dead wrong and smiling seems out of the question, face the "daily round, the common task" with a brave heart and high courage—it will bring a smile in its wake.

Summer Curtains

BRIGHT-COLORED curtains that let plenty of air into the room, besides being the fashion nowadays, help to give that really happy look we all desire in the home.

If you really want to have your rooms cheery-looking and your windows charming, make your curtains yourself. There are all kinds of new notions you can use; ones that only emanate from the highest class furnishing houses.

Take cretonne, for instance. A nice floral design on a light—or even a black—background—according to the room where it is to be used. Such a material would make delightful curtains, and the effect is ever so much enhanced by having a border of a self-colored material put on with a contrasting insertion-stitch.

Again, strips of cretonne used lengthwise, alternating with strips of plain material, is another new notion, and gives a delightfully out-of-the-ordinary effect. How many of us have voile curtains? Not many! Yet I have seen such curtains in more than one drawing-room. The particular set I very much admired was of deep vieux-rose shade and weighted with large crystal beads. An all-over patterned voile also looks very well. And voile, as you know, washes like the proverbial "rag."

Casement cloth! Oh, how ordinary you say! Yes, but with the addition of strips of gold or silver galon, curtains made of this material can look most chic. And also the effect of weighting the corners with a gold or silver cord with a tassel attached—that's an idea you would never have thought of!

Cotton repp makes up beautifully, and there are all manner of artistically colored galons to go with it.

In the Nursery

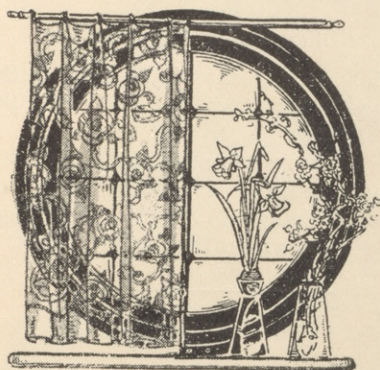
Even the nursery folk can have their own special curtains, now that cretonnes, printed with all manner of rhyme pictures, can be bought—and quite cheaply, too!

A burnt saucepan should be filled with cold water to which a liberal allowance of soda has been added, and then brought slowly to the boil. If wood ashes are obtainable, a handful added to the water will help in the cleansing.

Scalp massage, with a little pure castor oil, is excellent for arresting grayness.

Nowadays curtains are made very simply; more often than not without linings. And a gathered valance generally takes the place of the old-fashioned pelmet.

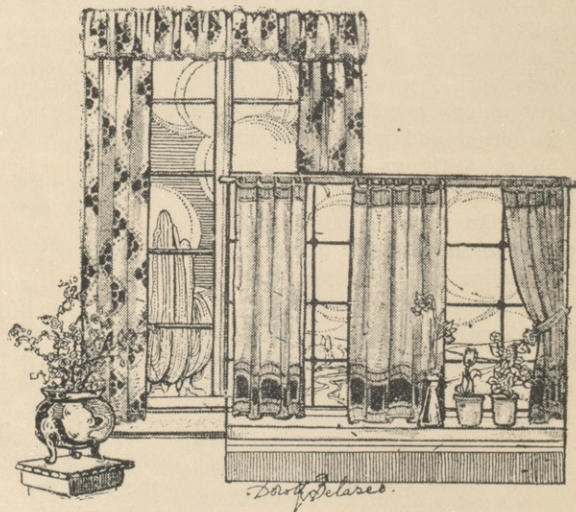
Pelmets, however, are still very much used when the curtains are of velvet or



How charming a world viewed from such a window!

repp. A lovely pair of moonlight-blue velvet curtains I saw the other day had their pelmet decorated with a Greek Key pattern in dull gold braid. It looked charming!

Suggestive of summer, with its wealth of light and color, are these curtains of gaily figured cretonne.



Handy Hints

Vinegar will sometimes remove marks on dark-colored materials, such as serge. It is advisable to apply it with a piece of the fabric which composes the garment being treated.

If new casseroles are well rubbed all over the outside with half a raw onion they will not "sweat."

FOR THE COOK

Mutton Cutlets

INGREDIENTS: Thin cutlets from the centre of a leg of mutton, salt and pepper, one egg, crumbs, flour. Cutlets of this kind need only five to seven minutes frying.

They should be only a quarter of an inch thick. Beat the cutlets with a rolling pin and cut into neat pieces, season with salt and pepper, flour them lightly. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs, fry a golden brown and serve with mashed potatoes.

Chocolate Mousse

Ingredients: Two ounces of plain chocolate, one pint of milk, three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two eggs, three ounces of castor sugar. Soak the gelatine in milk—powdered gelatine is best. Add the chocolate grated, and stir over gentle heat until melted. Add the well-beaten yolks of the eggs and the sugar and cook gently, stirring well until it thickens. A double saucepan is best, as the mixture must not boil. Now add the whites of the eggs, whipped until stiff, and the vanilla. Stir to mix. Turn into a wet mould and leave in a very cold place. Turn out and garnish with whipped cream.

Serve with wafers.

The white marks made by hot plates on a polished table top may be removed by rubbing them with a soft rag dipped in spirits of camphor. Afterwards polish with a little good furniture cream.

Tansy makes an infusion which lightens and restores the color of the hair.

More offend from want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.



TWO JOLLY GAMES

YOU will have heaps of fun playing this game. This is how you proceed:

At each end of the room have an empty clothes basket and another basket filled with articles of all sorts, such as books, balls, pens, pencils, shoe horn, bell, old hats, clothes brush, nail brush, old doll—in fact, anything that can be collected around the house. Choose by lot or ballot two captains, who then choose sides and place their players in lines so that they face each other. A full basket is placed on the right of each captain and an empty one at the left of the players at the end of each line. At a signal from the one in charge each captain selects an article from his basket and hands it to the next person, who immediately passes it as quickly as possible to the person at his side. In this manner the articles are picked up and rapidly passed on. If an article is dropped it has to go back to the captain and be started over again. The side which first lands everything in the basket at the other end wins. The prizes should be good things among the articles passed, such as boxes of bonbons, wee favors like pencils, key rings, etc. It may add to the interest of the game to offer a prize to the player who can remember the names of the articles passed and write them down on a slip of paper ten minutes after the game has been played and the objects removed from sight.

"Don't Laugh"

IT is really rather difficult to keep quite serious when told, "You mustn't laugh!" The players all sit in a circle and try to look very solemn. Then one player says gravely:—"Ha-ha!" This is repeated in turn by each player without a smile. The first one who laughs, or even smiles, is declared out.

When do two and two make more than four?—When they make twenty-two.

BITS ABOUT BIRDS

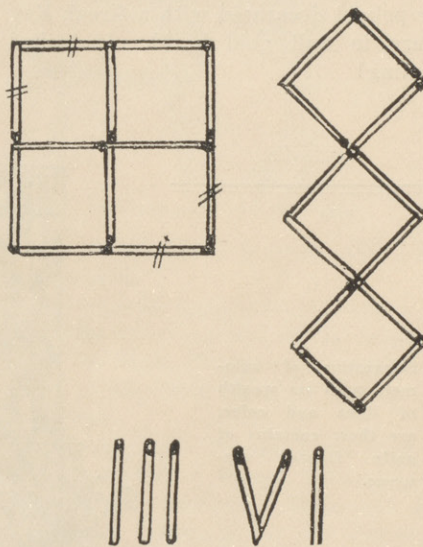
THE only birds that sing all the year round are the robin and the wren.

The swan lives to a great age, in some instances reaching 300 years (won't he see some changes?), whilst the falcon has been known to live 162 years.

CAN YOU MAKE THESE?

HERE are some match puzzles for you.

Puzzle 1.—Arrange twelve matches to form four squares. Figure 1 shows you the right way to do it.



Puzzle 2.—Make three squares out of the four without throwing away any of the matches. See Figure II.

Puzzle 3.—Make three matches into six. This is a real teaser if you don't know the secret, but just have a look at Figure III., and you will know at once.

Why is the root of a tongue like a dejected man?—Because it is down in the mouth.

Why is a birthday cake like the sea?—Because of the currants (currents) in it.

OMITTED LETTER PUZZLES

I.

"D xxkxrx, dixxoxy xoxk,
Txe xoxse rxx ux txe cxocx,
Txe cxocx sxrxcx oxx,
Txe mxxse rxn dxwx,
Dixxoxx, dxcxoxx dxcx."

II.

"Txm, xox, txe ppxr's sxx,
Sxoxe x pix xnx xwxy xe rxn,
Txe pxx wxx ext, xnx Txm xax bxax,
Axd Txx wxnx cxyxxg dxwx thx sxrxxt."

III.

"Mxrx hxx a lixxlx lxxb,
Ixs fxxexe wxs wxitx xs sxox,
Axd exexyhxrx txax Mxrx wxnx,
Txe lxxm wxs sxrx tx gx."

Were you clever enough to read the queer looking verses above? If they proved too much for you here they are as they should be read:

I.

Dickory, dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse was gone,
Dickory, dickory, dock.

III.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran,
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom went crying down the street

II.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

RIDDLE-ME-REE

IF twelve men sat down to eat one pie, what time would it be?—A quarter to three.

What belongs to yourself, but is used by your friends more than by yourself?
—Your name.

What is that which disappears the moment you leave it?—Your reflection in a glass.

.. IN LIGHTER VEIN ..

WHAT DID THE BRIDE SAY?

The minister had offered to announce that Silas's cow had strayed. There was also an announcement of a wedding in which the bride was spoken of as a "charming and accomplished young woman."

Silas, somewhat deaf, thought the minister was talking about his cow, for he added, rising from his pew:—

"An' ye might say, parson, that her eyes ain't mates an' she's lame in the off hind leg."

Outside the storm raged. The thunder was deafening, the lightning flashed almost continuously. Presently a bolt struck some part of the house and knocked the owner completely out of bed.

He rose, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and said: "All right, dear, I'll get up."

"I can tell you're a married man all right. No holes in your socks now."

"No. One of the first things my wife taught me was how to darn them!"

At a local celebration at which the Bishop of the diocese and the leading Nonconformist minister of the town were present, the mayor was so delighted with this fusion of forces that he exclaimed:—

"What I says, gentlemen, is this: If a man's 'art is in the right place, it don't matter what sex he belongs to!"

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE

Romance had the butcher's son in its toils. The apple of his eye was the baker's daughter who lived next door, and on starry evenings they would lean across the fence which divided their gardens and conversations like the following would ensue:

"Meet me tonight beefore ten?"

"Oh, dough-nut ask it," she returned.

"I make no bones about it," said he.

"Why aren't you wearing the Vienna flour I gave you?" she asked.

"It didn't suet me."

"You're too crusty. I only wanted to cracker joke!" she spoke sharply.

"My lamb," he cried, "don't try to keep me on tenderhooks!"

"But do you really loaf me?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course!" he answered. "You are my life's great steak, which one day I hope to win."



"My man, where's 'The Towers'?"
"Say, 'Please'!"

—Humorist, London.

CURIOUS

The professor had been attending a lecture that evening, and his thoughts were so full of the subject that he was more absent-minded than ever when he arrived home. On entering his bedroom he thought he heard someone under the bed.

"Who's under there?" he called out.

"No one," answered a voice.

The professor stroked his head thoughtfully. "Funny!" he said, "I could have sworn I heard someone there."

Suitor: "Sir, I would like to marry your daughter."

Father: "I absolutely forbid you to do so."

Suitor (surprised): "Why, what's the matter with her?"

THAT'S DIFFERENT

Miss Flirt: "Hurry to the door Mary, and let Mr. Smith in. He has rung twice."

Maid: "That isn't Mr. Smith. It is the other young gentleman."

"Oh, wait a minute, then. I must change the photographs on the mantel-piece."

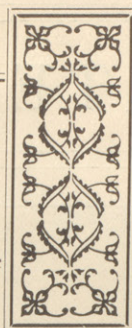
Uncle: "Do you like riding on my knee very much?"

Five-year-old Niece: "Oh, no. I have ridden a real donkey."

Charlie: "Married yet, old man?"

Edward: "No; but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married."

"It's better, if you only knew it."



MAKING A TOWN OF VILLAGES

THIRTY-EIGHT houses moved $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 40 days over difficult mountain roads from Bankhead to Banff is the record to date established by Charles Reddock, house mover of Calgary. Before the tourist season opens he intends to move a total of 60 houses into the mountain resort. The new supply of houses will help to relieve the congestion during the summer season when the demand for cottages has always exceeded the supply.

Many contractors viewed the work in prospect and shook their heads. Not so Reddock. With a crew of eight and a Holt caterpillar tractor he began work February 1. Instead of moving a house a week as expected, he moved a house almost every day. On Thursday, March 18, local residents were surprised to see the sturdy tractor chugging along the motor highway with the 70-ton station building of Bankhead moving slowly behind it. The 24-foot by 50-foot building required careful handling to avoid damaging the

trees along the motor road and streets of Banff. Even though delayed three times by the heavy building causing the wheels to sink to the hubs in the road, Reddock accomplished the task of moving the building three miles from its site by the railroad tracks to Banff in five hours.

The only mishap in this colossal moving scheme was the collapse of a poorly constructed building, the back shed of the old Bankhead store. With this latest addition to the residences of Banff, the mountain village may aptly be termed the "Town of Villages", since three villages have contributed their buildings to the town since 1884. They are Silver City, Anthracite, and now Bankhead. When the new additions are in place and have been re-painted and decorated, they will give the famous C.P.R. resort an, if possible, more attractive and certainly a more filled-out appearance.

Husbands Live the Longest

A Doctor Praises the Nagging Wife

DR. EUGENE L. FISK, the medical director of the world-famous Life Extension Institute, of New York, declares that the death-rate of single men over thirty years is more than double that of married men of the same age.

The findings of Professor Walter F. Wilcox, of Cornell University, have also shown that the death-rate of married men between thirty and thirty-nine is 5.9, while that for bachelors is 12.9.

Bachelors from forty to forty-nine die off at the rate of 19.5, while the married men's figure is only 9.5. The married man, according to the same findings, even at the ripe age of from seventy to seventy-nine, still has a notable advantage in the vital statistics.

Dr. Fisk, in his analysis of the comparative death-rates, points out that in the first place most bachelors represent "rejected goods" on the matrimonial market. The class includes the mental, physical, and financial cripples.

Another reason why bachelors are such relatively bad risks, continues Dr. Fisk, is that they are without that great conservator of health—a nagging wife. "It is small wonder that bachelors die off twice as rapidly as their more carefully

watched and guarded brethren," says the medical director.

"Most bachelors, again, live on restaurant or boarding-house food, which is not to be compared with the home product.

"It is not only such material things as untended colds or poor food that send bachelors to early graves. Many of them die of small ailments because they have lost the will to live—because they have no interests vital or vivid enough to keep them bound to the humdrum wheel of daily existence.

"A man cannot repress anything as important as the parental instinct without running the risk of damaging his mental machinery.

"A certain amount of strain and responsibility is necessary for the good health of the mind. Those who do not have it become apathetic and mentally degenerate, sometimes fading away, simply because they have not enough interest in the world to keep them alive."

The world, however, for years has heaped unnecessary pity on the head of the unmarried woman, continues Dr. Fisk.

"The truth of the matter is that the spinster adapts herself to single life with a readiness that should excite envy from

her bachelor brother. The spinster, I find, up to the age of forty-five, has a mortality rate lower than that of the married woman; during later life her rate is higher, but even then the difference is slight.

Advice to Widows

"Most spinsters have the knack of making snug little homes for themselves, with good cooking in addition.

"The mortality among widows, however, is appalling, and from the standpoint of the statistics the best thing that a widow can do is to marry again as soon as possible.

"This high death-rate among widows is readily understood when we consider how frequently they are left with tremendous responsibilities and with the necessity of facing a severe life struggle.

"Widowers also die with great determination and despatch, thus proving what happens when the nagging woman is absent."

Dr. Fisk believes that, although some men feel obliged to stay single in order to devote themselves wholeheartedly to science or art, there is, nevertheless, no career in the world that could not be helped by the right kind of wife.



Scaling Mount Geikie's Dizzy Height

Honor of Reaching Summit Goes to Canada

TO Canadians goes the honor of being the first to set foot on the top of Mount Geikie, 10,854 feet in altitude and the highest peak in the Ramparts Range of Jasper National Park, along the main line of the Canadian National Railways. The party, composed of Cyril Wates, of Edmonton; Malcolm D. Geddes, of Calgary, and Val. E. Fynn, of St. Louis, made their first ascent of Barbican Peak on July 12, 1925, and finding the passage too difficult there decided to return and attempt the southeast side, which route had been unsuccessfully attempted in 1922 by Mr. Wates and Dr. Bulyea, of Edmonton. In that year Yates and Bulyea got within 300 feet of the summit when they were compelled to turn back.

Two days later Wates, Geddes and Fynn left camp at 2.30 in the morning and climbed a steep snow gully and up rock chimneys and cracks, one of which led the climbers into the heart of the mountain, finally emerging like a tunnel on the north face with a drop of over 3,000 feet to the Tonquin Valley below. After reaching the

altitude where they had been in 1922 the party traversed a narrow ledge encircling the south side of the mountain and reached the top at four o'clock in the afternoon. In doing so they faced a difficult and dangerous rock climb, having to overcome rotten rock and falling stones at many points.

The party descended by moonlight, reaching their camp at 43° on the morning of July 15, exhausted but happy over their success.

Other parties are attempting to climb Mount Geikie this summer, but the honor of first reaching the summit must go to Wates, who has just successfully completed his third attempt. Another party, headed by Dr. Thorington, noted American climber, was attempting the ascent with guide Conrad Kain, when they saw the Wates party at the top and turned back.

The centre illustration shows the serried south side of Mount Geikie; the successful climbers, from left to right, Messrs. Geddes, Fynn and Wates; and their awakening in camp the morning after the ascent.

The Duke of Portland has erected a stone to commemorate the killing of the last wolf in Sutherlandshire in 1700. This, however, was by no means the end of wolves in Scotland. They appear to have continued in other parts for more than 40 years. In England they had been exterminated in the reign of Henry VII., but there were still wolves in Ireland down to about 1766.

The first officially recorded Greek Olympiad was held in 776 B.C., but legend places the original games at a time far earlier than that.

In Belgium, medicines for external use must be put up in yellow-brown octagon shape bottles, with special red labels.

There are no fewer than six cathedrals and one burgh in Scotland which this year lay claim to seven hundred years of authentic existence.

Two possessions we shall carry with us into the unseen: they are free of death and inalienable—one is character, and the other is capacity.

The moon is much larger than most people realize. Its diameter is more than one-fourth that of the earth—2,165 miles.

The highest hotel in Europe was opened some time ago near the summit of the Jungfrau (13,668 feet), in the Alps.

An Engineer's Invention

New Mechanical Train Guide

A NEW mechanical train guide, used successfully in the Southern Pacific's new two and a quarter million dollar Sacramento terminal, is the invention of Patrick Flanagan, chief engineer at the company's General Hospital, in San Francisco.

The guide, which has been patented by the inventor, represents a more efficient method of designating tracks upon

trol chamber. These are arranged so simply that there is no possibility of confusion in making a set-up.

Time of departure is indicated by a clock-face at top of the cabinet. Track number, together with name and number of train, is shown in three slots above the clock. All of these are easily set by manipulation of dials in the control chamber.

One of the faces of each bar carries the station name in black letters on a white background. The blank secondary faces are finished in black enamel to match cross strips, so that when the guide is cleared the front of the case has the appearance of a blackboard behind glass. Against this the station names stand out sharply in contrast when exposed.

The axis upon which the bars rock is eccentric to their centre of gravity so that the name face of each bar is normally and automatically, by gravity alone, exposed to view in the spaces between the strips, remaining so until it is turned up and in by action of a weight-actuated master lever in the control chamber.

"The guide is thoroughly successful," states J. H. Dyer, general manager. "Not only does it present a more attractive appearance than guides formerly used, but it enables a train set-up to be made accurately in far less time than was possible with the old method."

THE biggest clock in the British Empire is the new one being erected in the famous Singer Tower, at Clydebank. Its four dials are each 26 ft. in diameter. It will be controlled from Greenwich.

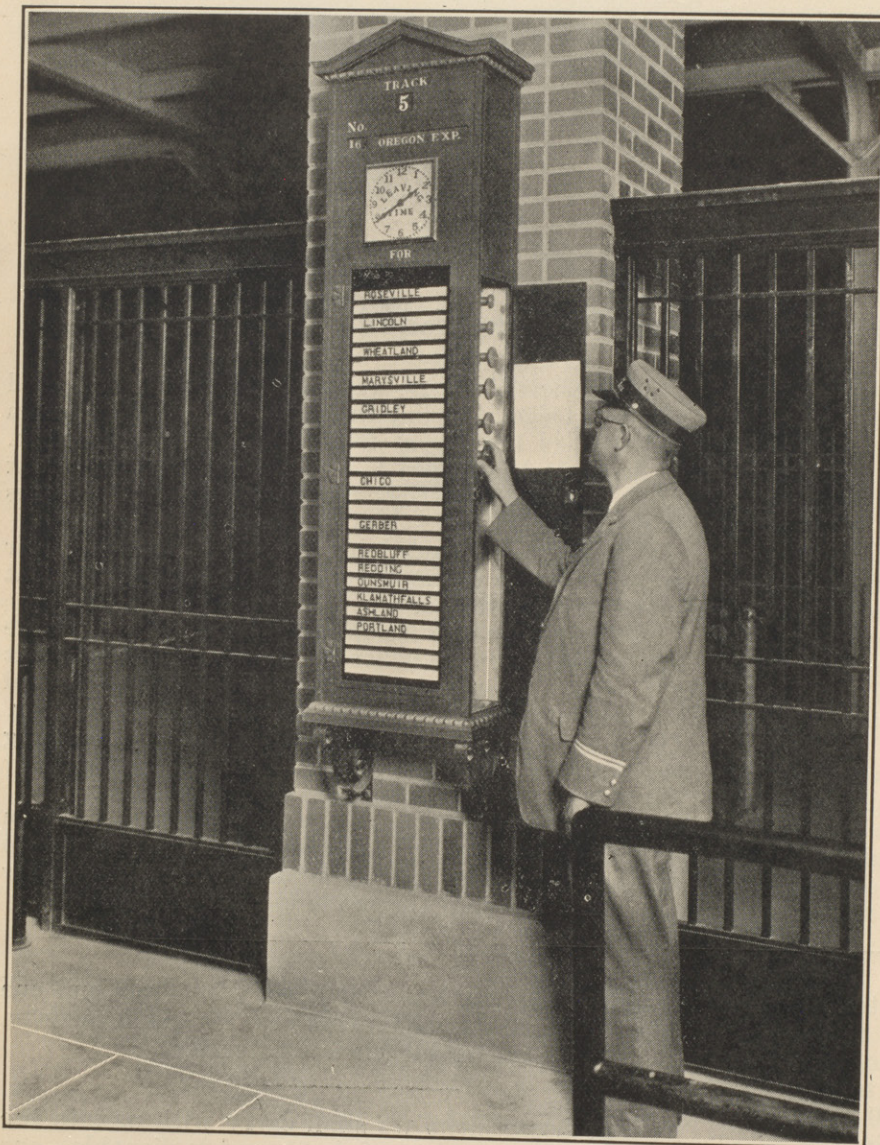
The condor is the only bird which keeps its young in its nest for a year. The young cannot fly for twelve months after being hatched.

Most people would think that the word admiral is a typical English expression. Its origin, however, is Emir el Bagh, which is Arabic for "Lord of the sea." The term captain comes to us direct from the Latin caput, meaning head.

The coxswain was originally the man who pulled the after-oar of the captain's boat, then known as the "cock's boat." Cock-boat itself is a corruption of the word coracle, a small round boat used for fishing. Commodore is nothing more than the Italian Commendatore, or commander.

Frequently we hear about "Davy Jones." There was, of course, no such person, but should you speak of "Duffy Jonah's Locker," you have the original phrase. Duffy is the West-Indian Negro term for the spirit of Jonah.

The term "dog watch" is a corruption of "dodge" watch, the "dodge" being an arrangement to prevent men from being on duty every day at the same hours.



The manipulation of the device is very simply effected.

which trains will depart and station stops enroute than has heretofore been available. By turning a few dials and touching a few levers the station master is enabled to provide a set-up for a train in a few seconds. After departure of train the guide is cleared automatically by the pressing of a single key.

Station names are exposed by touching lightly a series of levers in the con-

trol chamber. The face of the cabinet is protected by heavy glass upon which is painted a series of narrow separated black enamel strips between which are exposed double-faced bars bearing station names. These bars are of a sector-shaped cross section. Each bar is mounted pivotally in the partition walls of the cabinet, one shaft being carried through into the control chamber.

Social Ideals of the Churches

By A. F. C., in *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*

RELIGION, like life, is an ever-growing, expanding force. Whenever it stops growing, it dies. Thirteen years ago the Federal Council of Churches adopted a "Social Creed of the Churches," which spoke out courageously on the urgent industrial issues of that day. But the past half-decade has brought industrial and social problems which we little dreamed of in the rather placid days "before the war." Progressive church leaders of all denominations have urged that the old "creed" be redrafted, and that it be designated by some better name to indicate that it is not a dogmatic assertion for compulsory belief.

Congregationalists Assert Ideals

Unstinted praise is due the National Council of the Congregational Churches for its courage in blazing the trail to a more Christian social order by adopting at its recent Washington convention a Statement of Social Ideals far in advance of the former creed and embracing a broader field of social vision. For two years the Congregational Commission on Social Service has been engaged in drafting these ideals and securing expressions upon them from churches and individuals throughout the country.

The Commission was headed by John Calder, a well-known industrial engineer, and included Jane Addams of Hull House; Paul Blanshard, field secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy; President Butterfield, of Massachusetts Agricultural College; William Allen White, the liberal journalist; Dr. Jerome Davis, professor of sociology at Yale University; Dean Ward of Chicago Theological Seminary, and other representative church leaders.

Reactionary Opposition

For three days the delegates to the National Council forgot about Fundamentalism and Modernism and the merger of the various church boards in a discussion of the vital Christian principles underlying modern social relationships. Even when it was not officially before the convention, the Statement of Social Ideals furnished the main theme of discussion in hotel lobbies and about the streets of the Capitol City. On the convention floor a handful of reactionary clergymen and laymen assailed it as "socialistic," "imported from Moscow," "an insult to Congregational business men," and the like. To the latter taunt Roger Babson, the eminent business statistician, replied:

I'd rather have every manufacturer withhold his support from the Congregational churches than to stoop to leave out some clause of this creed because we may lose some financial support thereby.

One of the most inspiring moments of the convention was reached when Dr. Jerome Davis, of Yale University, moved the adoption of the Statement of Social Ideals as drafted by the Commission. "It is so easy to pray about our love for God," he declared, "but it is hard to adventure with God in the realm of the commonplace seven days a week. The real struggle of today is to make the actual practices of our everyday-life square with our Christian labels." In answer to those who complained that the Statement contained controversial subjects, Dr. Davis retorted:

In the realm of platitudes there is small controversy, but in translating the spirit of Jesus into the concrete practices of contemporary life there always have been and probably always will be differences. The proposed Statement of Social Ideals is controversial, yes—but no more so than Jesus' flaming spirit of love when applied to all human needs.

The debate resulted in a complete victory for the progressives in the Congregational Church. When one delegate introduced an amendment indorsing the "open shop," Mr. Calder's appeal to "vote as Christ would vote if he were present," brought about its decisive defeat. Because of the historic value of this courageous confession of social faith and its moral challenge to all Christian men and women, we print it in its entirety:

A Statement of Social Ideals

We believe in making the social and spiritual ideals of Jesus our test for community as well as for individual life; in strengthening and deepening the inner personal relationship of the individual with God, and recognizing his obligation and duty to society. This is crystallized in the two commandments of Jesus: "Love thy God and love thy neighbor." We believe this pattern ideal for a Christian social order involves the recognition of the sacredness of life, the supreme worth of each single personality, and our common membership in one another—the brotherhood of all. In short, it means creative activity in co-operation with our fellow human beings, and with God, in the everyday life of society and in the development of a new and better world

social order. Translating this ideal

I. Into education means:

- (1) The building of a social order in which every child has the best opportunity for development.
- (2) Adequate and equal educational opportunity for all, with the possibility of extended training for those competent.
- (3) A thorough and scientific program of religious and secular education designed to Christianize everyday life and conduct.
- (4) Conservation of health, including careful instruction in sex hygiene and home building, abundant and wholesale recreation facilities, education or leisure, including a nationwide system of adult education.
- (5) Insistence on constitutional rights and duties, including freedom of speech, of the press, and of peaceable assemblage.
- (6) Constructive education and Christian care of dependents, defectives, and delinquents, in order to restore them to normal life whenever possible, with kindly segregation for those who are hopelessly feeble-minded. (This means that such institutions as the jails, prisons, and orphan asylums should be so conducted as to be genuine centres for education and health.)
- (7) A scientifically planned program of international education promoting peace and good will and exposing the evils of war, intoxicants, illiteracy, and other social sins.

II. Into industry and economic relationships means:

- (1) A reciprocity of service—that group interests, whether of labor or capital, must always be integrated with the welfare of society as a whole, and that society in its turn must insure justice to each group.
- (2) A frank abandonment of all efforts to secure something for nothing and recognition that all ownership is a social trust involving Christian administration for the good of all and that the unlimited exercise of the right of private ownership is undesirable.
- (3) Abolishing child labor and establishing standards for the employment of minors which will insure maximum physical, intellectual and moral development.

- (4) Freedom from employment one day in seven and the eight-hour day as the present maximum for all industrial workers.
 - (5) Providing safe and sanitary industrial conditions, especially protecting women; adequate accident, sickness, and unemployment insurance, together with suitable provision for old age.
 - (6) An effective national system of public employment bureaus to make possible the proper distribution of the labor forces of America.
 - (7) That the first charge upon industry should be a minimum comfort wage, and that all labor should give an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.
 - (9) The right of labor to organize with representatives of their own choosing and where able to share in the management.
 - (10) Encouragement of the organization of consumers' cooperatives for the more equitable distribution of the essentials of life.
 - (11) The supremacy of the service, rather than the profit motive, in the acquisition and use of property on the part of both labor and capital, and the most equitable division of the product of industry that can be devised.
- society is amply protected by efficient production and conservation of fertility.
- (2) That the cost of market distribution from farmer to consumer shall be cut to the lowest possible terms, both farmers and consumers sharing in these economies.
 - (3) That there shall be every encouragement to the organization of farmers for economic ends, particularly for co-operative sales and purchases.
 - (4) That an efficient system of both vocational and general education of youths and adults living on farms shall be available.
 - (5) That special efforts shall be made to ensure the farmer adequate social institutions, including the church, the school, the library, means of recreation, good local government, and particularly the best possible farm home.
 - (6) That there shall be widespread development of organized rural communities, thoroughly democratic, completely co-operative, and possessed with the spirit of the common welfare.
 - (7) That there shall be the fullest measure of friendly reciprocal co-operation between the rural and city workers.

III. *Into agriculture means:*

- (1) That the farmer shall have access to the land he works, on such terms as will ensure him personal freedom and economic encouragement while

IV. *Into racial relations means:*

- (1) The practice of the American principles of the same protection and rights of all races who share our common life.

- (2) The elimination of racial discrimination, and substitution of full brotherly treatment for all races in America.
- (3) The fullest co-operation between the churches of various races, even though of different denominations.
- (4) Educational and social equipment for the special needs of immigrants, with government information bureaus.

V. *Into international relations means:*

- (1) The removal of every unjust barrier of trade, color, creed, and race, and the practice of equal justice for all nations.
- (2) The administration of the property and privileges within each country so that they will be of the greatest benefit not only to that nation but to all the world.
- (3) Discouragement of all propaganda tending to mislead peoples in their international relations or to create prejudice.
- (4) The replacement of selfish imperialism by such disinterested treatment of backward nations as to contribute the maximum to the welfare of each nation and of all the world.
- (5) The abolition of military armaments by all nations except for an internal police force.
- (6) That the church of Christ as an institution should not be used as an instrument or an agency in the support of war.
- (7) A permanent association of the nations for world peace and good will, the outlawry of war, and the settling of all differences between nations by conference, arbitration, or by an international court.

We believe it is the duty of every church to investigate local moral and economic conditions as well as to know world needs. We believe that it is only as our churches themselves follow the example and spirit of Jesus in the fullest sense—translating these social ideals into the daily life of the church and the community—that we can ever hope to build the Kingdom of God on earth.

These affirmations we make as Christians and loyal citizens of our beloved country. We present them as an expression of our faith and patriotism. We urge upon all citizens the support of our cherished institutions, faithfulness at the ballot, respect for law, and loyal support of its administrators. We believe that our country can and will make a

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great contribution to the realization of Christian ideals throughout the world.

During one of its sessions the Congregational Church invited in as an honored guest and speaker, Father John A. Ryan, head of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. No speaker at the convention received heartier applause than did this beloved prophet of social justice in the Catholic Church. What a significant occurrence that Protestants and Catholics could unite in Christian fellowship on common social ideals, even though separated by a wide gulf theologically! May it not be that Christian unity will yet be achieved on the broad basis of true religion laid down by the prophet Micah, to which Jews can also subscribe: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

As a result of the devoted efforts of Dr. Ryan, Dr. Kirby, Father McGowan, and the group of liberal bishops who stand behind them in the Welfare Council, the Catholic Church has adopted a social declaration which merits the warmest commendation. The "Bishops' Programme of Social Reconstruction," together with booklets by Dr. Ryan and his associates on the labor problem, capital and labor, the Christian doctrine of property, the industrial question, and similar subjects, may be obtained in the Half Inch Labor Book Shelf, recently published by the National Catholic Welfare Council, Washington, D.C., and obtainable at the cost price, 33 cents.

Rabbis Urge Social Justice

Nor is the demand for a religion of social justice confined to Protestants and Catholics. Some of the most liberal clergymen in the country are of the Jewish faith. At its St. Louis convention the Union of Hebrew Congregations adopted a programme of Social Justice which would do credit to the American Federation of Labor. In presenting this progressive programme to the conven-

tion, Rabbi Wolsey declared that Jewish business men should "take the initiative in the creation and promotion of a spirit of fellowship and justice in the industrial relations of our country, and thus give practical effect in these critical times to the teachings of our religion."

Quoting from the prophets of the Old Testament to show that social justice is an integral part of the Jewish religion, Dr. Wolsey concluded: "The entire development of Judaism has been a clarion call to follow justice through to its concrete social application. The Mosaic insistence upon social righteousness is grounded in Israel's recollection that it was the victim of brutal bondage."

The day has passed when any sincere workingman can rightly complain that the Church is indifferent to the lot of the poor and oppressed. In every denomination courageous leaders are demanding that religion seek to redeem the social order. They assert that theological niceties are of far less importance than justice, mercy, and faith. They proclaim that in this age of complex and difficult social relationships, the church that concerns itself merely with saving a few individual souls is shirking its duty to help build up the Kingdom of God on earth here and now.

There are, of course, reactionary clergymen and laymen in every church to whom the social gospel is anathema. But their number is diminishing, and their voices are silenced by the zeal for social righteousness which is leavening both modern Judaism and Christianity with a new Pentecost. Is it too much to hope that the time is rapidly drawing near when the two greatest forces for social betterment — organized religion

and organized labor—may join hands to fulfill the mission of the Master—an abundant life for all mankind?—A. F. C., in *Locomotive Engineers' Journal*.

FIRE FIGHTING

The London Fire Brigade was established in 1865. Brigades were originally organized by fire insurance companies at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was not until 1833 that local authorities were authorized to keep fire-engines, and further powers were conferred by the Town Police Clauses Act in 1847.

The steam fire-engine was invented by John Braithwaite, in 1829, and the first fire fought by it was in the West-end of London, in February, 1830. This was at the old Argyle Rooms, which, despite the new engine's efforts, were destroyed.

Until recent years, of course, madly galloping horses and yelling firemen were among the most exciting sights and sounds of our streets. The motor fire-engine has now come into use almost everywhere.

A city boy went to work on a farm. One cold morning before daylight the farmer told him to go down to the barn and bridle the horse.

In the dark the boy got hold of a cow and was trying to put the bridle over its horns.

"Hurry up!" shouted the farmer.

"I can't get the bridle over its head," returned the boy. "Its ears are froze."

The "magui," a Mexican tree, supplies from its bark a thread three times as strong as ordinary cotton.

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BY exposure to the glow of a luminous plant found in Bengal, a photographic plate has been successfully developed.

Mr. S. R. Bone, of the Carmichael Medical College, Calcutta, who obtained a collection of luminous vegetation, says that luminosity was usually confined to certain spots, but in some cases the flat surfaces glowed all over. Stalks showed a white streak of light along their length.

It is said that the light is due to a fungus which gives out a substance that glows in contact with oxygen or water. So long as the fungus lives it continues to emit light. The plants, kept in a moist condition, glowed for ten weeks.

Chumming with a Manchurian Robin Hood

AT first glance he looked "like any typical elderly, well-to-do Manchurian farmer who had laid by a small fortune for his children, by hard labor in his fields." Could such a harmless-looking person be in truth one of the dreaded "hunhuz," the "red-beards," whose depredations made them a terror to the rich lumbermen and contractors who had benefitted by the opening of the Chinese Eastern Railway? The narrator of this experience is P. V. Shkurkin, described in an editorial note in "The Living Age," which prints his article, as "a competent Russian ethnologist." He explains:

I was accidentally detained about this time for several days at the little station of Silinghe, where I became acquainted with an amiable Russian contractor named Mr. M—. When he learned that I was interested in ethnography and was exceedingly curious to learn more about the "hunhuz," he made this suggestion:

"If you wish, you shall meet a Chinaman who was the head of one of their bands for many years. He is now too old for that kind of life, but his word is still law to every 'hunhuz' for hundreds of miles around. He lives near here and frequently visits me. An accident made us friends. The Chinese fear him too much to punish him for his former exploits, and our own officials never think of troubling him. If they should ever conceive the unlucky idea of doing so, our concessions, settlements, stations, and the railway itself, would suffer the consequences. If you say so, I'll invite Fa-Fu to call this evening."

"What? Fa-Fu? You mean Fa-Fu the 'hunhuz' leader they talk about so much?"

"Yes, he is the man."

Naturally, I urged my friend, with whom I was to dine, to send for the old robber immediately.

A couple of hours later, when I entered my host's dining-room, I saw, seated in Mr. M—'s family circle, a rather ordinary-looking old Chinaman in a shabby silk gown. He was of uncertain age—anywhere between fifty and sixty-five—tall, pock-marked, gaunt, with sparse gray hair. At first glance he looked like any typical elderly well-to-do Manchurian farmer who had laid by a small fortune for his children, by hard labor in his fields. But the man no sooner lifted his eyes

to my face than I could see that he was an unusual personality. Those eyes were quite extraordinary; they fairly pierced me, and at times flashed like those of a young man betraying the wild temper lurking beneath his ordinary composure.

Although the old man spoke Russian fairly well, he was quite reserved until he learned that I could speak Chinese. Then he lighted up at once, paid me a string of compliments as prescribed by the best Chinese etiquette, and when I told him how interested I was in the life of the "hunhuz," offered to take me to the headquarters of the nearest band. I thanked him with some hesitation, for it seemed hardly proper for a Russian Army officer to make such an expedition alone. But Mr. M— dissipated any doubts I felt on that score by promptly volunteering to go with us.

We set forth early the next morning, and were soon buried in the deep forest of the taiga. The timber was so dense and dark that even the birds and insects that sang and chirped around us when we first entered it soon disappeared. A weird, oppressive silence made the forest seem like the temple of an unknown god, and I was conscious of a vague, indefinable timidity that I had not felt since childhood. Even the horses advanced cautiously along the narrow trail, which speedily dwindled to a scarcely observable trace, and finally disappeared entirely.

After we had proceeded thus for some distance, our native guide turned his head and asked us not to follow in his horse's footsteps, but to ride scattered, in a dispersed formation. I had heard before that this was a precaution that the "hunhuz" always take to hide the whereabouts of their camps. History tells us that the Tartars had the same custom centuries ago when they invaded Russia.

At the end of about half an hour they again struck a hardly perceptible trail, which "widened as it received tributary paths and brought us abruptly to a break in the forest near a small stream, on the other bank of which was a clearing." As we read on:

A low log "fanza" stood in the middle of the cleared ground, in front of which a few Chinamen were patrolling as if on sentry duty. Evidently they expected us, for one of them came

forward to greet us as soon as we emerged from the timber. He invited us to dismount and enter the building.

A tall middle-aged Chinaman standing at the door courteously seconded this invitation. Some fifty men were gathered inside, who stood up in respectful attitudes when we appeared.

The low, smoke-blackened interior looked exactly like that of any hunter's cabin in that part of China, except that it was more spacious. There was no ceiling. A broad bench covered with straw matting ran around the walls. Food was being cooked in two big kettles, at a fireplace whose flues ran clear around the room, under the benches. Evidently these flues did not draw well, for great clusters of soot were hanging from the rafters and everything was velvety black except the brightly polished guns hanging in one corner.

On the left-hand wall, the hallowed spot of every Chinese house, was a nearly life-size image of Huan-Di, the god of war, painted in bright colors on a large sheet of paper. Before it stood a table with two red candles in leaden candlesticks, and a flat bronze urn beautifully fashioned, and filled with ashes in which sticks of incense were burning; their glowing ends made bright spots in the general gloom, and the atmosphere was pungent with their smoke. Near by stood the square "table of the eight spirits," which today, however, was laid for only four guests.

The tall Chinaman who had met us at the door proved to be the leader of the band. He cordially invited Mr. M—and myself to seat ourselves at the table, and then introduced us to his second in command, who occupied the fourth seat. The usual Chinese banquet followed, and I need not describe it in detail. What interested me chiefly was that the leader told us of the life of himself and his men while we were eating.

The "hunhuz" form something in the nature of a military brotherhood. Every member owes absolute obedience, not only to his immediate leader, but also to the general chief, who does not live with the bands. Every brother—for thus they call themselves—is in duty bound to defend any comrade in peril, even at the risk of his life. Breaches of discipline are exceedingly rare, and are punishable by death.

Women are never admitted to a camp. Only a small quantity of liquor is kept, for use on exceptional occasions. Any comrade who betrays the way to a camp to an outsider is punished by death.

Since the organization of these "independent braves" dates back a thousand years or more, "the customs and rules of the numerous bands scattered over the country are nearly identical." All of those in the same district "owe obedience to a single chief, or 'da-yeh,' who usually lives in a large town and often pursues a peaceful occupation to give him the appearance of respectability." Of this chief we learn:

He is generally an esteemed and influential citizen, and no one suspects that Mr. Wong, or Mr. Chang, is really the dreaded chief of a score or more of redoubtable robber bands whose operations cover several hundred miles of territory around. This peculiarity of their organization explains why the Red-Beards are always so well informed regarding the business, the incomes, the individual transactions, of the rich men of the vicinity, and know well beforehand any move the authorities may make against themselves. Most of the rank and file of the "hunhuz" do not know their "da-yeh" personally. They never see him, and are ignorant even of his name, which is a secret communicated only to the band leaders and their most trusted followers. According to common report, not a single case is known where a "hunhuz" has betrayed his "da-yah."

"Let me tell you about these horses and Fa-Fu. Some time after I settled here and became acquainted with Fa-Fu, we were talking together after dinner when he suddenly said to me in his Chinese-Russian jargon:—

"Now, 'Capitana,' I want you put much gold top table. Open window wide, two, three suns. Fear no. One kopeck lost no."

"Why should I do that?" I asked, imagining that the hot Chinese spirits

he had been drinking had gone to his head.

"'Because you now my brother.'

"Soon after that my stable boy rushed in one morning, with consternation on his face, to tell me that these two beautiful grays had been stolen. I was greatly put out, naturally, and sent men at once in every direction to search for them, but in vain. The horses had vanished. After pondering the matter, I came to the conclusion that it was 'hunhuz' handiwork. So, the next time I met Fa-Fu, I said to him: 'Didn't you tell me that nothing would be stolen from me? Now your 'hunhuz' have run off with my best horses.'

"I might as well have touched Fa-Fu with a red-hot iron.

"My 'hunhuz?' Never! Never! It's you Russians. No my 'hunhuz' dare take one thing from you.'

"He left me greatly disturbed. His perfect confidence made me doubt my suspicions. I continued my search, but no trace of the horses was found, and finally I made up my mind that I should never see them again. In the evening, however, Fa-Fu came into my office gloomy and excited, without troubling himself to be announced—something he would not do under ordinary circumstances. He told me brusquely that my horses had been found and that I was to leave the stable open at night and have a feed of oats and hay in the manger. But I was not to keep watch. He then left me before I could catch my breath to answer him. I did as I was bidden."

They all sat up in the house until late at night, but everything was still and silent. However—

"Early the next morning the stable boy rushed in again in wild excitement, shouting that the horses were back. And so they were—rather emaciated, to be sure, but otherwise all right. No sooner had I left the stable than I ran into Fa-Fu. He was tense excitement, and his eyes gleamed like burning coals.

"'Have a gun?' he asked me without preliminaries.

"'Why, yes; you've seen it yourself.'

"'Take your gun and come.'

"'Wait,' I said. 'Fa-Fu, tell me first what is the matter.'

"'Come. Tell on the way.'

"'Will you tell me what it is all about?' I asked.

"He then explained to me that I was right; two young recruits in one of the 'hunhuz' bands had stolen my horses without consulting their superiors and had hidden them in the woods. The luckless fellows had not taken the trouble to find out that Fa-Fu was my personal friend.

"'Hurry up,' Fa-Fu concluded. 'They wait behind hill. They wait for us to shoot them.'

I was utterly nonplussed. Anything but that! I began to ask him to drop the whole matter, saying I was quite satisfied with having recovered my horses.

"Just beyond the summit, two hunhuz boys, unbound and without guard, sat a few paces distant from each other, hugging their knees. The moment they saw us they jumped up and stood erect, evidently thinking their last hour had struck. Fa-Fu said something to them in a thunderous voice. They stared at him in blank amazement, as if not crediting their ears. He repeated the same words over again, whereupon they knelt before us, bowed to the ground to him and to me several times, repeating 'Da-yeh! Da-yeh!' and jumping up quickly vanished in the woods.

"Turning to me, Fa-Fu said:

"'No be angry; my great fault,' and posted off in the same direction as the culprits.

"For some time after that I was worried over what might have happened to the two lads, but Chinese acquaintances told me later that Fa-Fu had not punished them, saying that he had promised me to pardon them."

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The Umbrella

By RICHMAL CROMPTON, in "London Humorist."

"SHE'S taken my umbrella!" gasped Clare.

"Who?" I said, waking up.

"That woman who's just got out of the carriage—the woman in the green hat. Look, there! She must have taken it off the rack. It's my carved ivory one. Oh, 'do' go and get it back."

I'm essentially the man for a crisis, so I leapt out of the carriage and hurried across the platform after the green hat. It was unfortunate that my own train, containing Clare, glided away at that moment. If I had leapt back agilely I might have caught it, but I had decided to retrieve Clare's umbrella at all costs. As a man and a husband I wasn't going to have women in green hats calmly walking off with my wife's umbrellas without so much as "By your leave!"

The woman in the green hat had crossed the platform and got into another train. I followed her. Just as I reached the door of her carriage the train began to move off, so I jumped in with her. It seemed the only thing to do. I sat down opposite her and wondered how to begin. She hadn't got a very encouraging face, and she was clutching Clare's umbrella firmly with both hands. Before I'd made up my mind exactly how to frame the sentence the train slowed down at the station. I took the bull by the horns—I mean, the umbrella by the tassel—and said nervously—

"Excuse me, but——"

She glared at me (she had a snaky sort of eye) and flicked the umbrella away, and

said, "Excuse 'me', young man!" And she didn't say it kindly, either.

You may call me a coward if you like, but the fact remains that I simply hadn't the courage to say, "That's my wife's umbrella. You stole it five minutes ago." Her eye had demoralized me. I kept trying to say it, but whenever I'd screwed my courage to the sticking-point (as somebody or other says in English literature) I met her eye and went to pieces again.

There are eyes like that. It's a physical impossibility to tell their owners that they've stolen your wife's umbrella. I didn't know what was going to happen. I was determined not to go home without it.

Then I saw that she was growing drowsy. Her snaky eye fluttered and drooped. She breathed heavily. She nodded. And just then, by good fortune, the train drew up at a station.

I took the umbrella from her nerveless grasp, shot out of the train and bolted into another train which was just starting off. I didn't know where it was going till I found myself at Margate an hour later, and had to wait two hours for a train back to town. It was a horribly long and expensive journey. But I didn't mind. I'd got the umbrella. I'd justified my character as a man and a husband. I went home with the umbrella in my hand and a shining halo round my head.

"What' a time you've been!" said Clare.

I handed the umbrella to her.

"Here it is!" I said simply, striking a manly attitude.

Clare took it and examined it.

"It is 'frightfully' like mine, isn't it?" she said.

"Isn't it yours?" I said blankly.

"No. I found mine at home when I got here. And then, of course, I remembered that I hadn't taken it out with me. But I saw her getting out of the carriage with an umbrella just like mine and that made me think for a minute that it 'was' mine. . . . Well, if you meet her again you'll just have to apologise and give it her back."

But I won't, because she'll have hypnotized me with her snaky eye and given me in charge for theft long before I've opened my mouth.

That's why, whenever I see a woman in a green hat now, I bolt down the nearest side street. And such a lot of women seem to be wearing green hats this spring. It's a very wearing life.

A member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals went to Spain to open a branch in Barcelona.

When all the officials were gathered together at a meeting he asked one of the Spaniards present what would be the best way to raise money for the maintenance of the branch organization.

"A bull-fight," said the Spaniard.

At one London restaurant a tenor bursts into song unexpectedly in various corners of the room. We understand that all rolls used as ammunition are charged for.



Some of the second Canadian Pacific 1926 conducted party of Hollanders leaving Rotterdam Station for S.S. "Marburn", from Antwerp, on their journey to Canada.

Cast-Iron Bungalows

THE steel house is by no means new, at any rate in Great Britain, but bungalows made of cast-iron are decidedly novel. A double bungalow, made largely of this metal, designed and constructed by Walter Macfarlane & Co., Glasgow, is described in "The Iron and Coal Trades Review" (London). Our quotations are from an abstract in "The Iron Age" (New York). Says this paper:

The outer walls are composed of standardized cast-iron plates, which are a patented construction. "The Review" points out that the life of such a structure is an important factor in its favor; that, if painted every five to seven years, the life of the cast-iron plate would be almost indefinite. In appearance the structure itself has little in common with the steel house. There are no external bolts or screws and, as the plates are rough cast, when they are painted there is little to distinguish them from an ordinary building of stucco.

It is stated one hundred bungalows of this type could be erected at the rate of two a week.

The plates are made of a uniform size, 3 feet 7½ inches long by 2 feet 6½ inches pitch, the upper and lower edges being formed as male and fe-

male joints, so that the overlap forms a weatherproof joint. They are 5-16 inches thick, rough cast on the outside, and have pockets cast onto the inside which are prepared for the reception of bolts. The plates are secured to cast-iron mullions placed at 3 feet 7½ inch centres, the lower ends of the mullions being embedded in a concrete foundation. Provision is made in these mullions for carrying wooden battens to which is secured the fibre-board lining which forms the inside walls, an air space of 3 inches being allowed between the outer walls and the inner lining.

The roof is formed of light steel trusses with wood boarding, felt and russet-brown asbestos tiles on top. The chimney walls and partition between the two bungalows are of brick, the partitions between various rooms being of wood-framing, with fibre-boards on both sides. The window-frames are of steel and the casements of uniform size, all windows opening outward.

The floor area of the single bungalow is 788 square feet, of which the living-room occupies 288, first bedroom 157½, and second bedroom 156. The remainder of the space is taken up by kitchenette, larder, bathroom and

a square hall, in which all doors are convenient to one another. The kitchenette has a gas-boiler, double sink, dresser, larder, shelves, etc., a coal-bunker and a cupboard with shelves being also provided. The bathroom is provided with a cast-iron enameled bath and a cast-iron enameled wash-basin.

"Obviously the cast-iron structure will be somewhat heavier in first cost than the steel house," say the promoters, "but this may be more than counterbalanced by the longer useful life. The general appearance is also so much in its favor—a fact which has to be reckoned with, as even the present house shortage has not killed all sentiment in the prospective householder and made him wholly indifferent to elevation and appearance."

"PIGS IS PIGS"

Switchtender—And what was the row about down at the freight yards this morning?

Trackman—Sure now, 'twas all over a young elephant that circus man wanted to ship to Saint Looney, Murphay said it was nursery stock, O'Brien claimed it should go at trunk rates and Dugan swore they should bill it as a baby grand. —Boston "Transcript."



"As soon as I saw the land in Manitoba, I knew it was good land. If my farm in Alberta is as good as this, I'll be satisfied," said J. S. Jackson, one of the British settlers who arrived recently on the Canadian Pacific special which brought 317 immigrants for Western Canada.

Mr Jackson comes from a farm seven miles from Glasgow, but opportunities in the Old Land for a family of ten children are somewhat limited, so he decided to come to Canada, where there was plenty of room to spread. He has been assigned to a farm 12 miles from Calgary, in one of the best settlements by the Land Settlement Board. If determination, intelligence and good health can bring success, Mr Jackson and his family should soon be among the most prosperous of the new settlers coming to Canada.

The Courtship of Birds

By PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON

SPRING is the season of courting among the birds and courting is the full-grown creature's spring—a renaissance of body and mind. Even as we write the mavises are singing, and there are many other strings to the harp of life that love takes up at this time of year. Besides singing, twittering, cooing, crowing, and calling there are appeals to sight and touch and even memory. There is a display of plumage and ornaments, of agility and grace in strutting, parading, fluttering, and flying, and in fighting with rival males. Common also are oft-repeated rhythmical movements, as in bowing, curtsying, swaying, and dancing.

But love may strike the harp on even subtler strings, rather beyond our intellectual hearing, as when the Great Crested Grebes offer one another gifts of water-weed, or when the Bower-birds decorate their courting runs with brightly-colored flowers and fruits and shells. But whatever be the mode of courtship among birds, it is almost always artistic. Here and there we get a glimpse of an ugly feature, but on the whole the courting behavior is beautiful. There is selection for health and vigor, for grace and agility, for musical gifts, and other aesthetic qualities. Not that these are analyzed out by the female bird who chooses; it is rather that the successful suitor is the male whose "tout ensemble" of gifts and graces most interests and excites the coy hen.

Among the recent studies of bird-courtship the most scientific are those of Professor Julian Huxley. Some years ago he gave a careful description of the elaborate behavior of the Great Crested Grebe, whose sex-performance includes waggling and swaying, bending and shaking, a cat-attitude of display, a "ghost dive," a "penguin dance," and an offering of water-weed gifts. The conclusion the observer came to was that the courtship ritual establishes emotional bonds between the lovers. "The courtship ceremonies serve to keep the two birds of a pair together, and to keep them constant to each other."

A more recent study, along with Mr. F. A. Montague, deals with the Oyster-Catcher, a very attractive bird of the sea-shore and the river-side, with black and white plumage, orange bill, and pinkish legs. There is a remarkable "piping performance" in which trilling and movement are combined. In variable numbers, the birds adopt a characteristic attitude: "the head and bill directed straight downwards, the bill held open and very slightly vibrated, the neck thrust forward so that the shoulders show up with rather a horsey look." Sometimes the whole body is bobbed up and down at intervals; sometimes there is a trotting dance. But the piping may occasionally occur when the birds are flying or when they are standing in the water. Both males and females may pipe, but one of a pair may be more

energetic than the other. This is probably the male, but the sexes are externally indistinguishable.

What Huxley has shown is that the piping performance has more than a courtship significance. It may be an expression of any strong emotional excitement except fear. It may be exhibited by a single mature bird or by an aggressive bird; it may also express jealousy—territorial as well as sexual. Originally associated with various forms of emotional excitement, the piping has become particularly linked to courtship. It may be stimulative or provocative, and there is evidence of its being infectious, one vigorous piper making another tune up. It may also serve to make other cocks and hens aware of how the wind of sex is blowing.

Another wading bird that Professor Huxley and Mr. F. A. Montague studied is the Black-tailed Godwit. The male has a ceremonial in which he rises rapidly to a height of one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet and then suddenly changes both his call and his flight. The quick beating is replaced by slow, clipping strokes, somewhat like those of a strong-winged butterfly. The tail is spread and twisted from side to side; the body is tilted with the tail and the bird heels over, thus rolling from side to side in the air—sometimes for over a mile in a straight line! Then comes another sudden change. "The rolling flight and the dissyllabic call stop as they began, simultaneously: for a moment the godwit glides in silence with stiffened wings. Then, without warning, it nose-dives towards the ground, with wings and tail almost closed. About fifty feet from the ground the wings are opened, and the godwit side-slips in all directions, like a rook when 'shooting' before wet weather.

But in addition to the male's ceremonial flight there is a joint flight of both sexes, who call to one another as they fly. There is also a strutting performance in which the male spreads out the beautiful black and white fan of his tail. Another quaint piece of behavior is the "scrape ceremony," usually, but not always, confined to the male. The bird runs to a slight depression in the ground, crouches with raised tail and slightly open wings, and then screws its breast against the ground, as though smoothing out and rounding off a nest-like scrape.

Professor Huxley's scientific studies of these love mysteries are very important. They show the subtlety and individuality of the courting behavior. Can we wonder that birds are so beautiful when their love-sifting (or sex selection) has so much reference to vigor, agility, and aesthetic qualities, the ecstasy of health, in short?

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Naughty Nursery Rhymes

What Have the Kiddies Done to
Deserve All This?

MISS KITTY CHEETHAM is the name of one of the women who have declared war on the nursery rhyme. The other is Mrs. Stoner, who goes a step further and substitutes some verses of her own—as an improvement.

We are all nervous wrecks, our prisons are filled, and our lunatic asylums are maintained solely because of our love for these rhymes. Their influence is appalling, these ladies say, and this is how they argue it.

Take this one, for instance:—

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

Don't you see how wicked this is? It gives the young boy the impression that he can have seven wives if he wants to. He is a potential bigamist from the moment he hears the rhyme! (So say these ladies. And if he can't commit bigamy, what about six divorces? Thus are the seeds of wickedness sown!

Little girls, of course, aren't affected in the same way by that one, but what about this?

What are little boys made of?

Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails—

That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?

Sugar and spice, and all that's nice—

That's what little girls are made of.

This gives the little girls an undue sense of their own superiority, and causes them later on in life to treat their husbands as inferiors. Hence family quarrels, divorce, crime, etc. It's a wicked world!

Little Red Riding Hood is bad because it arouses the "fear complex," say the rhyme-killers in this amazing campaign, and Little Jack Horner, although not exactly depraved, exhibits terrible table manners, and therefore is taboo.

Little Jack Horner

Sat in the corner,

Eating a Christmas pie;

He put in his thumb

And pulled out a plum

And said: "What a good boy am I."

How much better, suggests Mrs. Stoner, this sort of thing:—

Little Jack Cable, when at the table,
Tried to be very genteel.

So father and mother, and sister and brother,

Always enjoyed each meal.

But we'll leave the children to decide that question. In the meantime what can be said of this awful couplet:—

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

This is a direct incitement to celibacy. What youth after reading that would think of marrying? Ever afterwards he will avoid the responsibilities of matrimony, and the State will suffer. And there are already two million more women than men in Great Britain!

Abolish these anti-matrimonial verses, says Mrs. Stoner, and suggests some of her own daughter's. They are designed to be educative as well as amusing. What the youth of the nation will say when it sees them we can dimly imagine:—

In my head, so nice and round,
Twenty-eight strong bones are found;
In my trunk are fifty-four
That I add to my bone store;
While my limbs have plenty more,
Full one hundred and twenty-four.
Thus each perfect person owns
Just two hundred and six bones.

Won't the mothers of the country be glad? Instead of lulling baby to sleep with that wonderful little story of the pig that went to market, they will hiss into the innocent thing's ear this information about its two hundred odd bones!

Cruelty, especially to dumb animals, is taught to our youngsters by hearing the following:—

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife.

Did you ever see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice.

Instead of teaching our babies to be cruel, we should teach them to be good and graceful, says this feminine world builder. And this is what she puts forward to do the trick:—

Imitate the elephant for poise.

Swaying, swaying, swaying to and fro,
Like an elephant I love to go.

Swaying, swaying, swaying to and fro,
Thus in grace my body will soon grow.

The second verse is calculated to make

even the liverish howl with laughter. Here it is:—

Imitate the monkey for your liver.

Climbing, climbing, climbing up a tree,
Like a monkey I would like to be;

If I climb each day this tall, tall tree,
Bilioussness will never bother me.

Mrs. Stoner and Miss Cheetham have a difficult task in front of them. Not yet can we see Jack the Giantkiller packing his bag and fading away. Cinderella will stay with us. Goody Two-shoes, Mother Hubbard, and all our other friends are safe for posterity.

HON. C. W. ROBINSON,
President

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MONCTON

NEW BRUNSWICK

Can We Vanquish Death?

By PROFESSOR A. M. LOW, the Famous Inventor

Is the time coming when man will live on this earth for ever?

Pastor Jeffreys, the evangelist, declared at a great revival meeting in London, England, recently, that many of his hearers would never go to the grave. The belief in immortality upon this earth is frequently made by Christians who point to Bible prophecies as their witness.

Science is coming cautiously to offer the same suggestion. "Today," says Professor Low in the article we print below, "we are beginning to experiment upon the human body in order that life may be prolonged. Is it not possible that this period of prolongation may be increased little by little over millions of ages, until it approaches the infinite period about which the Bible speaks?"

IT is a strange fact that with the dawn of intelligence some people lose all sense of proportion. Because the glimmerings of truth begin to be appreciated by mankind, the danger of a little knowledge is forgotten, and the credulous are apt to mistake hope for certainty.

In terms of science—and science is only an attempt to explain the everyday happenings of life—this world is very young. It is not long ago that men were beasts—we still carry the mark of the animal on our bodies.

Our brothers and sisters, in slightly less progressive parts of the world, still attach the greatest importance to the number of hairs in a cow's tail, and only a few months ago an unfortunate priest upon the Continent was boldly accused of witchcraft.

If religion is to exist at all, it must be capable of examination, it must be capable of support by educated persons, and it must not postulate a faith which seems to consist in believing something our own intelligence tells us to be untrue. The infinite power which seems to control all nature must not be assumed to be little better than a petty-minded man.

The idea of the Religious miracle is so essentially human that it is almost pitiable to see the lengths to which enthusiasts may be carried. A miracle is merely an event taking place at a different speed from that to which we are accustomed.

If an egg is placed upon the table and I say, "I will hatch that egg in three weeks," I am told that it is without in-

terest and nothing unusual, but if I place an egg upon the same table and say "I will hatch it out by the stroke of a wand," I am told that I am performing miracles.

Our Own Salvation

This element of time, possibly the only truth of which we have relative knowledge, should be applied to our daily lives. Even the Bible tells us that a thousand ages may be but a moment in God's sight. Why can we not apply that fact to our hope for everlasting life?

Every night when we sleep we lose all sense of time; a dream may carry us for years without knowledge, and it

FLASHES FROM THE FOOT-LIGHTS

I'VE got some good news for you about your grandfather."

"Have you?"

"Yes. He's worse."

* * *

"You're much too handsome to be running about loose."

"There's nothing loose about me!"

* * *

"If I never see you again, it'll be too soon!"

* * *

"You're running away from me?"

"Yes—I'm not good enough for you."

"I know. But you're the best I can get."

—From "Wildflower."

is only because we compare every event with the relatively short period of our own lives, that we hope for miracles in the case of our gradually decaying bodies.

It is possible that death may be a part of a change during a period so infinitely long as to be beyond our conception.

Science attempts the explanation by pointing out that in this world men work out their own salvation.

Today we are beginning to experiment upon the human body in order that life may be prolonged. Is it not possible that this period of prolongation may be increased little by little over millions of years, until it approaches the infinite period of which the Bible tells?

We should not fear this infinite time any more than we fear sleep. It is far more beautiful to picture this development, this wonderful growth of intelligence through countless ages, a process which has borne the knowledge in a bird that certain berries are poisonous, and a process which has developed our eyes from pieces of mere sensitive skin, than to conceive the waving of a magic wand.

The building process of nature from matter of common origin is so splendid that it is beyond our intelligence.

It is scientific to attempt the "religious life" if by that is meant an endeavor to improve one's intelligence and to help others to travel the same road. The world is becoming more thoughtful; we are demanding new idols upon which we may centre our thought, just as the hypnotist uses a bright light to charm away the physical disabilities of his patient's mind.

It is painful to think that this demand cannot be met by accredited ministers of religion and to realize that it is left to hysterical sufferers from auto-hypnosis to appeal to the emotions of the public by telling them that they may never die or that some miraculous being is about to visit their homes attended by servants carrying trumpets, wings, and harps.

Why blind people to an exquisite truth; we are no longer niggers in darkest Africa?

If I say that Dr. Voronoff's method of glandular treatment may, through countless ages, develop a race who can live for many centuries, it is conceivable that such a process might continue to infinity; but to talk of ghosts and spirits whose conversation seems confined to mentally afflicted people and to lines which would not interest a schoolboy, is only to produce a race of atheists.

It is not necessary to disbelieve everything of which the proof cannot be obtained, but an appeal should be through the only part of us worthy of attention, and not through the emotions of our gross and ultra physical functions.

A few years ago we would have laughed to scorn the idea that lives could be prolonged for a few years. Colloquially speaking, "monkey glands" have taught us that we were wrong.

We would have jeered at the idea that lead could be converted into gold by a re-arrangement of its particles, not more than a few summers ago. Today we accept these apparent miracles because we understand them.



The "Royal Oak," one of the oldest trees in the vicinity of Como, Que., so called for its symmetrical beauty. It is located near "Rivermead", the country home of Mrs. R. W. Shepherd, and gives its name to the Royal Oak Tennis Club.

The Hundred Per Cent Employer

By A SHORTHAND-TYPIST

COULD the world from which Lord Riddell—in his recent article, "The Hundred Per Cent. Shorthand-Typist"—surveys the deficiencies of the average Secretary be turned upside down for one week, I wonder how many Employers would attain to the Hundred Per Cent. standard, and how many find themselves discharged by their typists for sheer childish inability to dictate a simple letter clearly and intelligibly.

* * *

There are faults on both sides. The Hundred Per Cent. Employer is not born. Like the Hundred Per Cent. Shorthand-Typist, he has to be made by practice and experience. But whereas Time is all in his favor, it is all against her, and before she has followed Lord Riddell's advice and made her work — writing letters about chemical manure, or tallow, or some such interesting subject — the "main purpose of her life," she is told she is "too old."

"Why did you not mention your age?" asked a prospective employer the other day, interviewing the applicant for a very responsible position. "I picked out your letter because your French is perfect and your references very good, but we want someone quite young."

In justice to them, I must say that most men are both kind and courteous to their shorthand typists, and it is not against their attitude to their staff, but only against their slipshod methods, that these criticisms are levelled.

Taking it, then, that most employers have something to learn, just as have most shorthand-typists, the former may discover some useful hints in the following Ten Points that have been compiled for their benefit.

I.—The back of the day's work should be broken by lunch-time. The 100 per cent. Employer dictates the bulk of his correspondence in the forenoon so that his Secretary has reasonable time to type his letters with the care they deserve. Every good Secretary understands the occasional need for urgent letters at the last moment in the afternoon—but remember that your amanuensis is more tired at 5.30 than at 9.30.

* * *

II.—The 100 per cent. Employer does not dictate with a cigarette or pipe in the mouth.

When the resulting mumble includes a large proportion of technical terms or figures, so that common sense is no longer able to fill in the gaps and his Secretary has to stop him, the Employer should not say with a resigned air that the interruption has entirely thrown him off his line of thought. A Secretary cannot help remembering that the Employer himself has told her always to ask questions when in doubt.

It is equally important that the Employer should not promenade the room when dictating. The Secretary cannot hear distinctly when your back is turned towards her. Similarly, it is awkward, as well as discourteous, to sit with your back to the Secretary and your feet against the fireplace. Some employers have the bad habit, when hesitating in dictation, of holding their hands before their mouths, thus obscuring their words.

* * *

III.—Dictate at a reasonable and consistent rate of speech. The Employer should not dawdle in his dictation. A

Secretary is more irritated by disjointed, jerky phrases and more fatigued by long pauses than when she is taking down several pages of dictation, even at a rapid rate, so long as that is regular.

At the same time, the Employer should not "rush" certain passages. Instead of wasting time dictating very slowly and clearly such phrases as "Dear Sir, I am in receipt of your letter of the 5th inst. and in reply would beg to state..." and then rattling off important details, prices, and proper names at 200 words a minute, the Employer should take it for granted that the Secretary knows the conventional openings. It is much more important to go slowly over the significant details of a communication.

In this connection it may be observed that the Employer should give the typist time to sit down and open her notebook, and not begin to fire off notes before she has time to shut the door behind her.

* * *

IV.—The Employer should either dictate a letter grammatically and concisely, or else dictate the facts he wants embodied in his letter and leave the Secretary to do the rest.

Some Employers, even well-educated men, do not possess the faculty of dictating and putting together a coherent letter. Nothing is more disheartening to any moderately well-educated Secretary than to have to type out an involved rigmarole full of redundant phrases, when she could have expressed the same thing herself in half-a-dozen crisp grammatical sentences.

* * *

V.—If the Secretary has not already seen the letters, the Employer should



THE LOOP - LINE
CAR WHICH NOW
RUNS FROM STON-
EY POINT TO DOR-
VAL.

leave them with her to read while she is replying to them.

How otherwise can she take any intelligent interest in the work when she sees only the answers? It is like listening to one side of a telephone conversation. Some Employers, nevertheless, have put this down to mere curiosity on the part of the typist, or even to an inability to read her own shorthand notes!

* * *

VI.—The 100 per cent. Employer never blusters. If a reprimand is necessary, let it be given gently and courteously. It is far more effective to make a reasonable than a noisy protest against inevitable error. Some Employers, when things go wrong outside, are apt to "let off steam" at the expense of the unfortunate Secretary. It isn't "cricket."

* * *

VII.—The Employer should not deface a typewritten letter with coarse erasures and interlinear insertions. The necessity for these may be his own fault, and usually is. It is insulting to the Secretary. She would rather re-type a letter than send out one in which her work is implicitly criticized.

* * *

VIII.—The 100 per cent. Employer does not expect his Secretary to make up his mind for him about important matters which only he can decide.

This may sound absurd, but that is an obligation put upon some typists by unreasonable Employers. If the Secretary cannot help, or hesitates to help, in the making of a decision, remember that she is not a responsible party, and that she remembers her place!

* * *

IX.—The 100 per cent. Employer does not lock up papers in inaccessible places, and then expect his Secretary to know where they are. This is a common fault. It is equally irritating to find an Em-

ployer making hay of the papers on his desk, mislaying them, and then complaining that they are not kept in order. It is simply a psychological fact that women are naturally more particular about this sort of thing than men. In any event, it is to the Secretary's advantage to keep the papers carefully. She will do so, if she is allowed.

* * *

X.—Do not make an engagement and forget it. Tell your Secretary, so that she will be able to enter it in the diary.

These Ten Points may be said to summarize the shorthand-typist's point of view. There are other grievances—but I suppress them as being too definitely feminine. No self-respecting Secretary will claim preferential treatment in respect of her sex. She does, however, claim to be treated as a human being, anxious to do her best for her Employer and for herself. She claims that her Employer should have regard for the peculiar difficulties of her position. The responsibility for correspondence is divided and, for better or for worse, the Secretary must be trusted to do her share. It is impossible to imagine how the work of the world can be satisfactorily carried on unless the parties to the writing of important letters work together.

* * *

One final point of more general significance may be commended to the notice of the Employer. May it not be said that a Shorthand-Typist is in a blind-alley occupation? What incentive, from a woman's point of view, is there in the 100 per cent. efficiency? There are many girls in this section of the labor market, and the average salary is not high.

* * *

It is different for the male secretary. His job, if he be the right sort, is merely a lever, a step to higher things, to which

a woman can never aspire. In spite of 100 per cent. efficiency, she will never be anything but a secretary all her life. There may be exceptions to this rule, but they are very few. The perfect equipment demanded by Lord Riddell's Fourteen Points will certainly not assure her a step beyond the average. If there were better prospects in the job, there would be higher efficiency.

WHEN THE MOVIE SCREEN IS DARK

FEW motion-picture fans realize, says "Popular Mechanics" (Chicago), that they are looking at a dark screen nearly half the time the reel is being shown, but such is the case, according to a well-known photographer. It goes on:

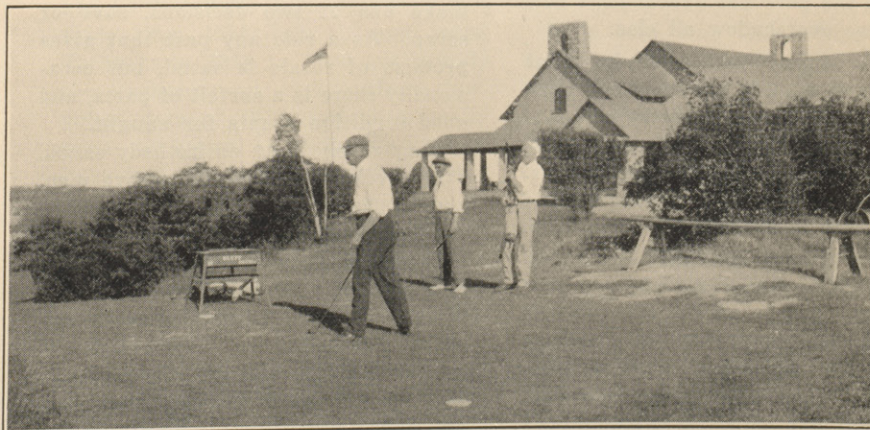
Furthermore, each one of the tiny pictures that make up the reel is seen three times. In front of the projection machine's lens is a revolving disk divided into six parts, three being sections through which the light is allowed to travel to the screen. By a synchronizing system, this disk revolves once each time one of the little pictures, of which there are sixteen to every foot of film, stops before the opening. Thus there are three showings of each one of the views before it passes on to the next. The solid portions of the disk, shutting off the light, keep the screen in darkness about half of the time, but the entire action is too rapid for the eye to detect. In filming a recent movie, 120,000 separate pictures were taken, making a reel 7,500 feet long.

BLOODLESS VICTORY

Professor: "When did Caesar defeat the greatest number?"

Student: "On examination day, I think."—Kansas Wesleyan Advance.

A SNAP ON THE
BEACONSFIELD
GOLF LINKS



Scrapping the Ancient Auto

ABOUT a million autos a year now go under the hammer in the United States—not that of the auctioneer, however, but that of the wrecker or the scrapper. E. C. Barringer, in an article contributed to "The Iron Trade Review" (Cleveland), goes into much detail in describing just what becomes of these derelicts. Every smallest part that has use in it goes to the second-hand counter; other metal finds its way to the melting-pot; glass, felt, hair and leather are saved when they still have value. Every big scrap-yard, Mr. Barringer says, is a veritable arsenal of "parts." He begins with a feeling picture of the decrepit roadster—turned out not to graze, like its equine predecessor, but to be torn or hacked limb from limb. He writes:

Five years ago it stood proudly on the automobile sales floor, alluring in its fresh paint and coach work, spotless under hood and fenders, fleet of line and complete in every appointment. But now it is through. Finish gone, fenders crumpled, upholstery soiled and torn, lines ungainly when contrasted with current models. At the end of a tow line it goes to the wrecking yard.

Harsh hands, armed with cold chisels and hammers, attack it. The body is stripped, cut loose from the frame and thrown over on its side. The radiator is detached, the universal joints are severed, a chain is slipped around the motor, a sledge frees the subframe, and the motor swings free. One less used car hangs over the new car market, but there is more steel, cast and non-ferrous scrap to harass an already glutted market.

This is a side of the automobile industry which thus far has attracted little attention. The speed of the assembly line, the marvels of mass production, the personal appeal of a new car, these overshadow all else.

There is, however, a saying that what comes out of the cupola and open hearth must return, and the automobile is no exception. Each year must logically see the passing of more cars. The disposal of worn-out, wrecked and burned cars is an expanding problem.

In 1925 the output of cars and trucks in the United States was slightly over 4,300,000. Stocks at the close of the year are thought to have been smaller than at the beginning. With exports not quite 303,000 and imports less than 1,000, the net gain in the domestic supply was approximately 4,000,000.

yet registrations in all States last year exceeded those for 1924 by only 2,430,000.

Here are some 1,500,000 cars and trucks to be accounted for. A good many, doubtless, are rusting in back lots or have been pushed into abandoned quarries. More than one corn sheller or feed-cutter down on the farm is being turned over by a former touring-car engine. A surprisingly large number of used cars are shipped out of the country. Fires and accidents, of course, take a steady toll.

Scrapping or wrecking probably accounts for the largest number. One automobile business paper estimates that fully 1,000,000 cars were scrapped last year, but this figure appears to be high.

In the country districts and smaller towns the "junk man" buys old automobiles much as he does broken farm implements, painstakingly demolishes them, classifies the scrap and sells it to city dealers. In the larger cities wrecking firms have sprung up, and here the recovery of salable parts is fully as important as the accumulation of scrap. The front of a wrecking yard is usually a large salesroom for parts. He goes on:

Three classes of cars figure in the operation of these yards, the car that has been in a wreck and is deemed beyond repair, the car that has been through a fire, and the car that is obsolete, worn-out or plain junk.

The practice that obtains in the larger and better equipped yards may be glimpsed by following a car through the various departments of Warshawsky & Co., Chicago.

In due time the car comes upon the wrecking floor. The heads of the body, motor, rear end, radiator and other departments inspect it carefully and make one of two decisions, save or scrap. As a rule any part that gives promise of resale is saved, but occasionally there is a surfeit of parts, and good condition counts for naught.

Very rarely is an entire body saved. The wrecking crew, usually five men, now comes on the scene. Such a crew can tear down four or five cars a day.

If the car is a closed one, the salvable glass is removed. The instrument board is stripped, headlights taken off, fenders unbolted or ripped off, the hood lifted off, and the engine stripped of its carburetor, distributor head, coil and similar parts. These usually are saved. The aluminum moldings in

the interior and on the running-boards are pried off.

Not often can the cushions be saved in their entirety, but there is a scrap value in the felt, hair, moss, leather and other materials. When everything of value, scrap or salvage, has been removed from the body, a few hammer blows sever the body bolts and rivets, and the body is pushed off. In a concrete or brick-lined fire-chamber the wood and other encumbering material is burned off. The sheet steel or aluminum is put through an alligator shear or otherwise prepared for sale.

The radiator is detached. While the lugs are being loosened and the tires made ready for removal, the remainder of the crew severs the universal joint and loosens the spring shackles. A chain is wrapped around the motor, the subframe freed and the motor hoisted out. The motor is deposited on a skid, which is trucked to an elevator and taken to the motor-room.

The tires are removed, the springs unfastened from both the front and rear axle and frame, and the frame is available for either the shear or the torch. Almost invariably frames are in excellent condition, but there is no call for them. The lighter-section frames are cut by the shear, while the torch is used on the heavier ones. In either case, heavy melting steel results.

The propeller shaft is left attached to the rear axle. If the springs are not to be stocked for resale they are thrown in with the heavy melting steel.

All bolts, nuts, washers and similar small parts are saved. These are sold at 98 cents for a twenty pound can. Spark-plugs are collected and put on the counter at 5 cents, and so on.

In the motor department the scrap parts are carefully assorted. The rubber-hose connections are placed on one pile. The aluminum crankcases are separated from the cast-iron blocks. The bronze or brass water-pumps or impellers are sorted. The babbitt in the bearings is removed for its higher scrap value.

In eastern Pennsylvania the inclusion of alloy steel parts in scrap for the furnace has been of sufficient volume to compel melters to watch their purchases, and considerable attention is being given to the rising tide of automobile scrap. Most foundries take exception to receiving entire motor blocks, and frequent rejections occur. The situation is remedied by putting the blocks under the drop.

If 1,000,000 cars were scrapped last year, as one estimate puts it, some

Treat the Gorilla as a Gentleman

WHIST! A sudden sign from the guides caused the little expedition to "freeze to attention". They were climbing a slope of Karissimbi, in the eastern part of the Belgian Congo. What had the guides seen? "Far away some bushes were stirring." Hurriedly the adventurers followed the guides in a circle that brought them out on the mountain above the indicated spot; "and then," relates Mary Hastings Bradley, a member of the party, "we slid down the slope through thickets and tree-roots, our hearts hammering with excitement". At last, "cautiously", they stood up—and lo,

Below us, full in the sunlight, seventy-five feet away, was a huge old gorilla moving along beside a fallen log. I shall never forget the look of those shoulders—gigantic shoulders, black and shaggy. His side was to us, and I could see the silver hairs on his back, for male gorillas are all silver-backs.

Now, if there were any truth in the stories, was the time for him to charge. I expected to hear him roar, to beat his breast, to make a sudden rush. He did nothing of the sort. It was my husband's gun that broke the stillness.

This may not seem exactly like "treating the gorilla as a gentleman"; but it will be seen later that our headlines are justified by Mrs. Bradley's general comments on the disposition of that animal, which she represents as a much maligned monster, of mild disposition except when he has experienced the savagery of man. Continuing, in "Liberty", her narrative of this, her first view of a wild specimen on its native heath:

The gorilla fell out of sight; a moment later the moving bushes told us he was up and off, up a ridge. We tore after him. At the crest we had another glimpse of him, a terribly human figure, looking back over

his shoulder, his great crest outlined against the sky. My husband shot again, and the beast rolled down the hill, stone dead.

It was a dramatic thing to see him there, that king of the African forests dead in his solitudes. We had to remind ourselves very swiftly that he was a great deal more valuable to the world dead than alive, for he was a much-desired scientific specimen.

He proved very large. His height was five feet seven and a half inches; his reach from the ground to upraised hand eight feet two inches; and from hand to hand seven feet eight and a half inches; his chest measure was between sixty-two and sixty-three inches; he weighed nearly four hundred pounds.

Mr. Akeley had licenses for ten gorillas; he took only five. The gorilla is too precious to be on the game lists. Hunting him is in no sense a sport. It has none of the hardy elements of lion or tiger hunting. It is just shooting a big monkey.

Say "gorilla" and most of us conjure up a picture of a dreadful, demoniacal monster, lurking in African wilds for opportunity to attack men and carry off women. Don't you believe it any more, advises Mrs. Bradley. And in lieu of the mythical man-hunter, she offers a reasonable account of the actual gorilla—not beautiful to see, naturally; possessing strength and intelligence, dangerous to encounter inimically; but "essentially a decent and amiable creature that attacks men only because he is being attacked, or thinks he is". Mrs. Bradley's story dramatically opens with what a gorilla might be supposed to write if he had that power, about encountering some of our hunters in Africa:

I am a gorilla, the man-ape you humans have been told is the most ferocious of beasts. Hear my story. I was deep in the

forest, tranquilly eating. Suddenly the leaves rustled. I looked up. The bushes parted and there, at a height equal to my own, I saw a strange, sinister face glaring at me. That face was ghastly pale. The skin was hideously bare save for a rough bristle on lip and cheeks.

The lips were pulled back over the teeth in a grimace of fury. The eyes, deep-set gray eyes, squinted at me evilly. It was like no other animal of the jungle, and filled me with fear. I roared my aversion and fright, but that pale face still glared at me.

I tried to startle it with a rush. The strange figure raised a short staff to its shoulder, pointing it toward me. I stood and tremblingly beat upon my breast. I roared in perplexity. Another roar answered mine and the strange figure's short staff spat fire that entered my side and felled me. I had met Man.

Mrs. Bradley thinks no animal has produced such an imaginative frenzy of exaggeration as the gorilla. She cites the fact that "down in the basement of the American Museum of Natural History in New York, hidden from a sensitive public, is a bronze statue of a huge gorilla carrying off a fainting girl—helpless Beauty and Beast! Until about three years ago that was the world's generally accepted idea of the gorilla".

The vivid accounts of Du Chaillu, about 1855, are blamed by Mrs. Bradley for the horror we have inherited of the terrible "king of the African forests", said to attack men on sight, to raid villages, and to carry off women. Whereas:

Actually, we know very little as yet about this near relative of ours in the animal kingdom. He is as dangerous an animal to encounter as his size, enormous strength, and intelligence would lead you to expect. But the stories that he lies in wait for man, that he always attacks, that his is a nature of peculiarly cunning malevolence, are utterly unsupported by the facts.

An artificial cell composed of the same chemical substances as those occurring in real living cells has been produced by Dr. D. MacDougall, Director of the Carnegie Laboratories for Plant Physiology at Tucson, Arizona.

It is said that this cell, a working model of the life cell which forms the basis of all plant and animal life, grows and absorbs sodium and potassium selectively in a similar manner to that of the cells of plants. The cell will take up food and water for a short time, with a corresponding increase in size, but unlike the living cell, the process eventually ceases unless new substances are provided.

Although there is a great difference between this cell and the living cell, Dr. MacDougall has succeeded in producing a good substitute for the purpose of study and experiment.

900,000 tons of scrap, the great bulk of it ferrous, was produced. Scrap dealers and wrecking houses believe this figure to be high. The tonnage is increasing each year.

As the later models come into the wrecking yard, the proportion of ferrous scrap decreases. The higher-priced cars have aluminum bodies, and nearly all have aluminum moldings and trim. Many crankcases are aluminum, and sometimes the fans. Brass and bronze are to be found in carburetors, manifolds, bushings, petcocks, bearings, tubing, and headlight reflectors.

The average wrecking-yard sales-room is a port of missing parts. Who remembers the Ace, Carnation, Glide, Nelson, American, Thomas Flyer, Stoddard Dayton, Elmore, Pathfinder, Lozier, Abbott Detroit and E-M-F?

They still live in their parts, and from time to time an owner appears on the scene for a gear or a pinion that will lure a few more miles out of the ruin.

Most of the passenger-cars being scrapped now range between the 1918 and 1922 models, inclusive. Few cars older than 1918 bob up any more. Those from 1918 to 1920 are usually the higher-priced ones. Many low-priced cars of 1922, and occasionally some as young as 1923, are junked. It is true of almost every car, of not too ancient vintage, that it has considerable potential service left, but the cost of rehabilitation is too high considering new car prices. The average automobile salesman may be smoother, but the wrecking-room foreman is a better authority on real worth, and knows which makers have built real service into their cars and which have skimped.

Psychical Research and the Survival of Personality

By JAS. A. WRIGHT

THERE has been an extraordinary development, particularly during the past half century, in the publication of every form and quality of literature. Much of this is of doubtful value and a great deal of it should never have been written, in consideration of moral relations, particularly. Apart, however, from the lighter and less desirable output of literary effort, there is a continuous stream of high grade material covering every phase of life and exploring every field of knowledge.

One has merely to glance through the book reviews of the higher class magazines to realize the quantity of intellectual pabulum available to satisfy the most discriminating and fastidious appetite. A phenomenal, and, we might almost say, startling, feature of present day literary effort is the number of controversial works dealing with subjects of profoundest import.

Look in whatsoever direction we may, examine any of the greater or lesser problems, national or international, and we are confronted with a maze of conflicting interests which many intellectual lights are grappling with in the effort to elucidate and, if possible, solve.

In possibly no field of endeavor does there exist so great a diversity of opinions and such bitter and acrimonious discussions as in the domain of theology.

It is not our purpose to deal with the origin of man in this article. We will leave the question as to whether man is the product of an evolution, beginning with the first faint gropings of animate protoplasm and continuing to develop through various forms of animal existence until he achieved the crowning glory of the life forces in civilized man, as taught by all recognized anthropologists, or is the product of a divine creative act, a perfect being, made in the likeness and image of God, as expressed in Genesis and defended by fundamentalists.

It is our purpose to discuss that ancient and persistent question: If a man dieth shall he live again? This enigma of the ages is pressing for solution with ever-increasing insistence.

It is, indeed, remarkable that after these many millenniums there should remain any doubt with relation to so fundamental a question; that it should not have been disposed of either one way or the other long ere this is, to say the least, remarkable.

If man is an immortal being, if life persists after death then it is a fact and, in common with all other facts in the universe, is amenable to investigation and demonstration. Nevertheless, now in this twentieth century, this epoch noted for the profundity of its scientific research and discoveries in every department

of the universal order, this issue, one of the most important, if not the most important, problem in human existence, remains a subject of dispute, hotly contested pro and con by theologian and scientist, by layman and professor.

All the great historic religions are based upon some form or quality of spirituality and while a belief in the immortality of the soul is not always definitely expressed, especially in the earlier forms, as a supreme self-conscious immortal being Christianity leaves no doubt with relation to the survival of personality and the certainty of intercommunion. It should be quite necessary to indicate the many convincing proofs, at least from the religious point of view, establishing the fact of immortality and intercommunion. It will be recalled that in both the Old and the New Testaments much interesting and satisfactory evidence abounds. The contention, especially with our fundamentalist friends, that these phenomena were in the nature of miraculous or supernatural interventions and that with the passing of Christ and His apostles these so called miracles ceased, is by no means convincing to the enquiring mind.

The history of dogmatic Christianity clearly indicates that the apostolic church gradually veered from what today we would call the scientific evidences of immortality or, better, psychic phenomena, and became dominated by Oriental mysticism substituting more or less speculative interpretations of the Gospel teachings for direct personal communion with the angelic spheres.

If the story of the Witch of Endor is credible; if Saul of Tarsus was converted while on his way to Damascus through angelic visitation and if all the wonderful psychic phenomena recorded in the scriptures are facts then we must believe they took place in conformity with natural laws and as we now believe, in fact, we know, that the laws of the universe are invariable and unchangeable then there can exist no valid reason why similar phenomena should not be possible today.

The early church in drifting away from important teachings of the apostles, neglecting particularly to comply with their admonitions and injunctions to develop spiritual gifts, or, as we would say today, mediumship, must be held responsible for the almost universal doubts and hazy views concerning immortality and the scepticism relative to intercommunion and for the odium cast upon those who are earnestly striving to re-establish the faith and works of the primitive apostolic church.

Man, an emanation of the Divine Consciousness, the highest, fullest and most

complete expression of Divinity, as revealed through the life forces on earth—God manifest in the flesh—is necessarily religious. Not satisfied with the ordinary routine and duties of life, his soul hungers for knowledge; he is ever seeking for new avenues through which to express the aspirations of his intellect; ever endeavoring to solve the mysteries enfolding him; to discover the true meaning and purpose of life and his ultimate destiny. Organic religions generally place man in a false category. Dogmatic theology, influenced, no doubt, by oriental mysticism, recognizes only the weakness and imperfection of human nature and bases its whole system upon the frailties and presumed incompetency of humanity, to achieve righteousness and spiritual well-being through unaided effort.

Born in sin, we are told, depraved through the transgression of our first parents, our redemption can be secured only through the sacrifice and atonement of Jesus of Nazareth, the only begotten Son of God. Such a belief tends to discourage spiritual initiative and reliance upon the God-endowed powers of human nature, and is productive of such abnormalities as St. Simon Stylites, who spent thirty years of his life on top of a pillar seventy feet high and four feet square, in filth and abject squalor.

Such results could obtain only under a system imbued with superstition, and actuated by religious fanaticism. How much stronger and beneficial would the Christian faith stand today were it based upon the virile elements rather than the weakness and frailties of our natures? In the light of modern psychology, we now realize the powerful influence of suggestion, especially mass suggestion. Therefore, to teach and enforce a doctrine throughout the mass consciousness to the effect that humanity is innately depraved, is to strike a severe blow at the essential dignity of mankind, with a consequent lowering of self esteem and self dependence and ability to combat the lower and undesirable instincts and baser tendencies of human nature.

The whole trend in the evolution of the race is in opposition to such assumptions. Under the influence of the cosmic urge that mysterious universal energy is ever driving us onward, ever upward in an unending procession of achievement. Through self-reliance and indomitable will, apparently pilotless and rudderless, the human race has pursued its terrific journey, from the animal to the civilized state, forcing reluctant nature to reveal her closely guarded secrets; breaking through the barriers and restrictions of a not too friendly environment. Ever onward ever upward it struggled, until finely a

supreme self-conscious personality was achieved.

Throughout this tremendous journey, the religious consciousness, in step with growing intelligence, was ever pressing for recognition, under the urge of the indwelling spirit, the Divinity enshrined within our souls. We may observe proofs of this urge, with the primitive races of today, and as far back as the cave men of the prehistoric period, thence right through to modern times. Archaeologists are continually uncovering evidences, proving the gradual unfoldment of the religious consciousness expressed more particularly in a belief in immortality, crude, it is true, in these early stages but with the unfolding of the intellect and accumulating experience, there is clearly manifest a continual advance to higher planes of religious expression and spiritual ideals, which unquestionably reached the highest plane in Christianity, although even here lingering traces of the primitive concept, of physical immortality, still exist, as taught in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

In view of these historical facts, we are obliged to recognize the paramount importance of religion, as an indispensable factor in human affairs, not only with regard to our relations with the Deity and personal immortality, but the ethics of religion, concerned with conduct and our duties and obligations to society and our fellow men. Morality naturally arises out of social relations and has aptly been termed the handmaid of religion, which should be, and, in a properly ordered social state must be, a positive and active influence in every human relation. Assuredly in contemporary life it is greatly needed, particularly in commercial and business affairs generally, not to mention our somewhat unsavory politics.

It will be generally admitted that a knowledge of immortality would be of inestimable value to society and to organic religion particularly and when we say knowledge we mean scientific evidences, such as are being afforded through the science of psychical research, attested by the many scientific investigators of the very highest professional standing on both sides of the Atlantic.

The contention of our orthodox Christian friends is that faith alone is sufficient justification for a belief in a future life, that faith in the teachings and ordinances of the Christian Church, based upon the resurrection of Christ, establishes the fact of immortality. Without pausing to discuss this aspect of the question we are faced with the undeniable fact that many, very many, too many, indeed, of the most cultured minds in the western world repudiate and absolutely reject all belief in the Christian standards, and that the vast majority of people to-day

are apathetic, the restraints of religion are scarcely recognized and a belief in a future life is no longer a potent factor in the regulation of conduct.

Even with professing Christians and church adherents their views concerning immortality are of the most hazy and inconclusive character.

How are we to account for this apathy and disinclination to seriously consider this important matter? How few there are who care to contemplate the one inevitable event in life, the one occurrence there is no possibility of evading—Death is a dreaded visitor, even in the home of the most devout Christian, and is the occasion of the profoundest sorrow and of lasting grief. This should not be, particularly with those who accept the teachings of Christ and His apostles, which, when relieved of dogmatic imputations and theological entanglements, hold out every promise of future happiness. "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you."

There is no death, the change called death is merely the spirit's migration to a world of enlarged opportunities, where we may ultimately realize in full measure the aspirations of our souls, which, under the limitations of physical existence are unable to achieve more than a shadowy unsubstantial hopefulness. Why should we fear death, or mourn the translation of our dear ones? To those who enjoy a knowledge of immortal relations the sundering of these ties is no more poignant or painful than the disruption of family and social bonds and friendships when the scion of a family departs to establish a permanent home in a distant land, whence he can by various means communicate and even on occasion pay a welcome visit to his old home.

So is it with our spirit friends who may be and can be in even more intimate contact, and under proper conditions may appear in bodily form and converse with their earthly relatives.

If these are facts, if we can communicate with the so-called dead, is it not a matter of tremendous significance, constituting the science of psychical research, the most important of all the sciences? While it is not as yet formally recognized by orthodox science nevertheless many of the foremost minds in all departments of scientific endeavor sponsor the phenomena they are investigating and establishing and it is only a question of time until it is accorded its proper status.

The position is much the same with orthodox Christianity. In some quarters psychical science is reprobated and even execrated, whereas with others it is treated, at least, with sympathetic tolerance and many of the more advance and liberal of

both clergy and laity are confirmed believers and advocates without to any alarming extent interfering with their church affiliations. Why there should exist any opposition, much less antagonism, on the part of either orthodox science or orthodox religion, to a movement whose primary purpose is to demonstrate the continuity of life and the survival of personality, is certainly inexplicable. What injury or discredit of any kind could befall science through either the success or the failure of the movement? On the contrary, the success which has been achieved opens up an illimitable, unexplored field in the domains of causation, bringing us into intimate contact with forces heretofore undreamed of, into contact with laws and principles actuating and governing obscure and complex relations of animate nature.

One would naturally suppose that the bare prospect of such a consummation would fire the scientific imagination and cause the devotees of science to offer every sympathy and encouragement and welcome a successful issue.

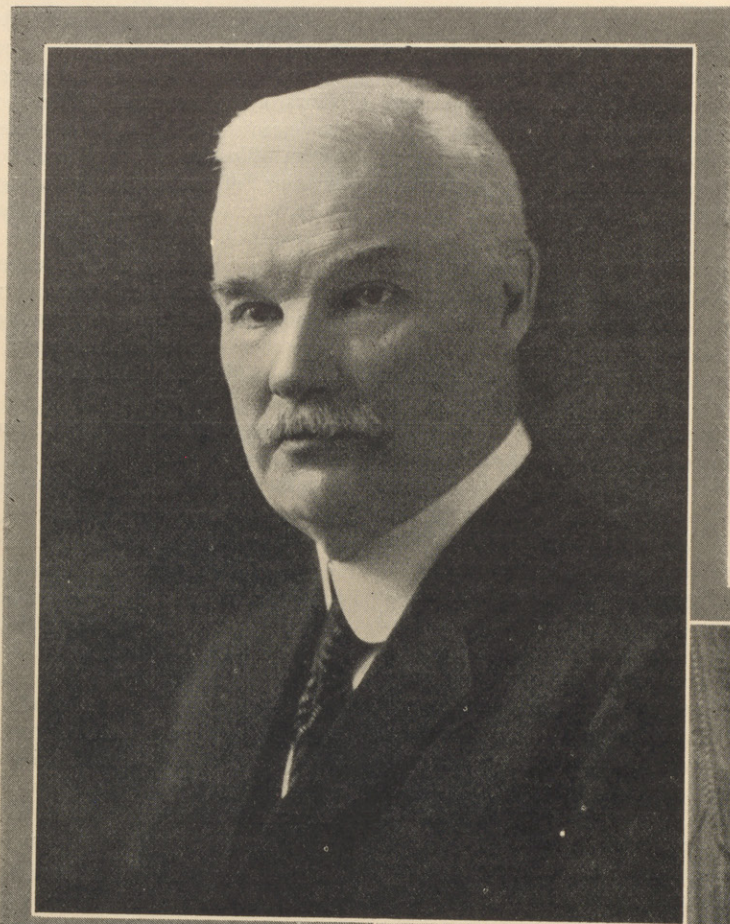
Were the science of psychical research the offspring of some superstitious cult, propounded and exploited by nondescript propagandists and cranks, one would necessarily excuse our orthodox friends of either estate for standing aloof and treating them with silent contempt. But regarding a science devoted to a study and experimental investigation of age-long phenomena, concerned with the most stupendous issue in human existence, vouched for by many of the ablest minds and most cultured intellects in religion, science and literature, it is indeed difficult to understand why there should be prejudice and opposition.

The antagonism of our orthodox Christian friends is even more inconsistent and inexcusable, particularly under existing conditions, with the church and the world slowly drifting apart; with her standards of faith challenged by cultured opponents on every point; with the mass of the people apathetic and regardless of her wise counsels.

Why should there be opposition to a science experimentally demonstrating the fact of immortality, the very fundamental principle of her faith—opposition to a science that is bringing comfort and happiness to the bereaved through the knowledge that the dear departed are merely over the way, and are frequently present, although unseen by their earthly friends, and may at time communicate with them; opposition to a science that is bringing into the religious life a moral and spiritual factor which will rejuvenate the church, enabling her to expunge the theological excrescences, so largely responsible for an inattentive world, and which will enable her to resume the glorious work of the apostolic missions?



INSURANCE LEADER ALSO SUCCESSFUL FARMER



T. B. Macaulay, president of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, the largest life assurance concern in the Empire, and owner of Mount Victoria Farms, Hudson Heights, Que., famous for its Holsteins and Shetland ponies.



AN INTIMATE
PORTRAIT
OF
MRS. MACAULAY





A pastoral which might have come from the brush of Corot—Mr. Macaulay's Holsteins in a shady orchard nook.

Beautiful Mount Victoria Farms Are Successful Private Experimental Station

Prize Cattle and Ponies; Tests with Cereals on Sandy Soil;
General Raising of Farm Standards

ONE of the most beautiful sites in rural Canada is Mount Victoria Farms at Hudson Heights, owned by Mr. T. B. Macaulay, president of the Sun Life Assurance Company. Purchased in 1899, the land has developed from a mass of sand and scrubby wild birch into one of the most success-

ful private experimental stations in the Dominion.

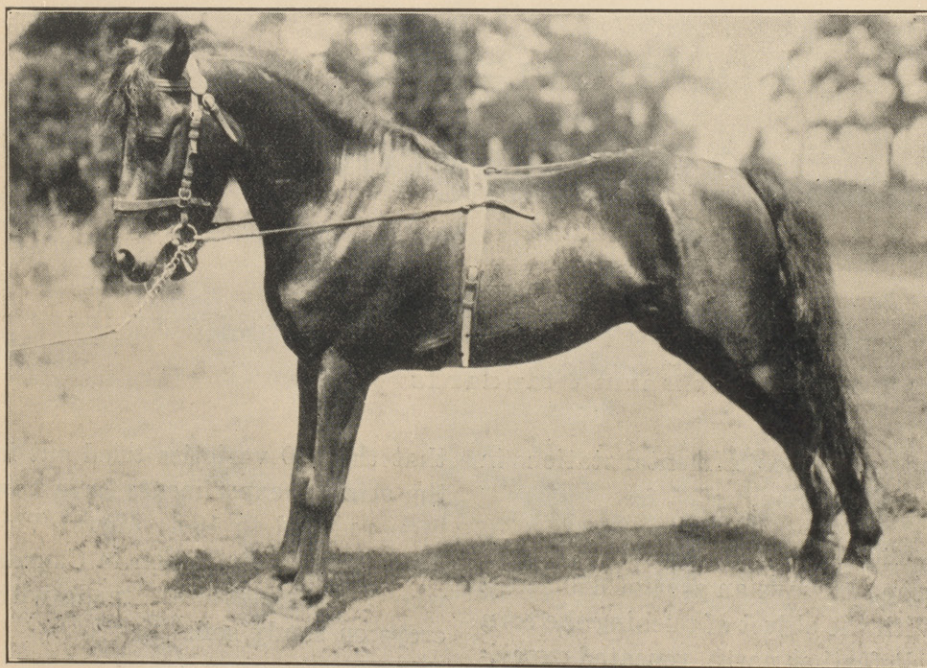
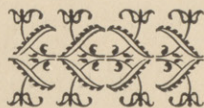
The three farms comprising the property have an area of 650 acres. With the object of pushing the corn belt farther north, repeated experiments have been made in the growing of this cereal, the result being

that the 600 varieties tried out in the original experiments have now been reduced to 100. Mount Victoria is the only station in Canada where experiments are made with crops on sandy soil.

Besides his exhaustive efforts in the growing of corn, Mr. Macaulay



A group of Shetlands calculated to reflect credit upon their owner.



Montvic Jolly Boy, the most sensational high-stepping Shetland pony in Canada. He has never been beaten, being the champion in harness and on the line at Madison Square, N.Y., Chicago, Toronto, Ottawa and other points.

has specialized in adapting Shetland ponies to Canada. Having made a thorough study of the breeding of these animals, following a visit to the north of Scotland in 1912, he imported a number of high-pedigreed ponies, with the result that to-day, on his Hudson Heights estate, are to be found some of the most famous pure-bred Shetlands in existence.

Ponies of all types may be seen, from the tiny twelve or eighteen-inch foal to the father of the herd, Jolly Boy, International Champion, who stands but forty inches in height. Aristocrats of the equine world, these high-stepping animals have repeatedly made a clean sweep in all the Shetland classes at national and international fairs. Montvic Jolly Boy, champion in harness and on the line at Madison Square, New York, Chicago, Toronto, Ottawa and other points, has been pronounced by competent judges the highest stepping Shetland alive to-day.

Another branch of agriculture which has claimed Mr. Macaulay's attention is that of cattle raising, his efforts having accomplished much towards improving the standard of Canadian herds. Specializing in Holsteins, Mount Victoria Farms have repeatedly won conspicuous honors at the various fairs throughout the continent. Among the outstanding animals at present on the Hudson Heights estate is Bonheur Abbekerk Posch 2nd, stated by a committee of judges to be the best Holstein heifer in America.

With a view to raising farm standards and improving agricultural conditions generally, Mr. Macaulay has established an annual field day and a ploughing match day. The latter event, commenced a few years ago with but three teams, one of which belonged to Mount Victoria, last year attracted 24 teams and two tractors. Field day, also started in a small way, drew about 800 people to Mount Victoria Farms last summer. On this occasion, well-known speakers are present to address the guests and a special evening programme is arranged, while Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay personally welcome the visitors to

their country home, built of logs from the estate, which, from its prominence of 150 feet, overlooks the broad expanse of the Ottawa River and the fertile farming country on the opposite shore.

Mr. Macaulay's house is situated amid a spacious park which recedes into the thicker woods beyond, the property bearing a close resemblance to one of the old estates in England. Surrounding the residence is a bewildering array of shrubs and evergreens which have attracted much attention from time to time by those with botanical and horticultural ambitions. There are 22 varieties of pines alone besides countless other kinds of shrubs.

Directly beneath, on the wooded slopes of the steep hillside which borders the southern side of the C.P.R. track, a herd of elk have pastured for over ten years, these solemn animals with their shy manners being responsible for the Macaulay property being dubbed by railway travellers, "the place where the elk are".

Mention should be made of the enthusiastic interest taken by Mrs. Macaulay in the estate, particularly in the cows and ponies. She recently started a rock garden which looks as if it will become one of the features of the park.

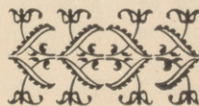
Mr. Macaulay is a close student of agriculture and his main idea in developing the farm has been to benefit not only the local community but also agriculture as a whole. He is ably supported in this by Mr. J. E. Chandler, manager of Mount Victoria Farms.

The Cook's Reproof

A very irritable man had a privileged cook, who never failed to take him to task for the intemperance in language that was one of his failings. One day she accidentally let fall a tray full of dishes. Her master, hearing the crash of china, lost his temper. "What's all that you're breaking?" he asked angrily, adding many additional words that shocked the aged cook. Coming to the door, she looked the angry man in the eyes, and said, "Whatever 'tis I's a-breakin', it ain't the Third Commandment!"



Bonheur Abbekerk Posch 2nd, a product of Mount Victoria Farms, and pronounced by a committee of judges the best Holstein heifer in America.



Mr. Macaulay entertains a party of young folk on the grounds of his Mount Victoria home.

America Developing A Distinct Type of Man

AN American type of man is developing. In the older stock it is already possible to distinguish it from the people of other countries. This is the conclusion of Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution, based upon many years of scientific measurement and study of those whom he designates as "Old Americans," and of the immigrants differing from the original stock. "The work, as now completed," he says, as reported in the Smithsonian's "Scientific News Service" (Washington), "shows that the older stock has approached the formation of a distinct American type, still nearest to that of the British, but in stature, in physiognomy, and in behavior, already different. The type is a good one." He then asks whether we have scientific grounds for fearing racial deterioration as a result of our former liberal immigration policy. After a thorough comparison of data he feels justified in answering this question in the negative. "These studies give no evidence," he declares, "that the mass of immigrants are bringing inferiority of body or brain. All that is necessary is opportunity for wholesome development in favorable American environment." Dr. Hrdlicka is Curator in charge of the Division of Physical Anthropology of the U.S. National Museum. His conclusions are based upon his most recently collected data and studies, and have been prepared at the request of the American Statistical Association. His description of the American type of man, so far as it has been developed, is as follows:

It is characterized by tall stature, being the tallest of all the larger groups of white people, by, on the average, a medium pigmentation of the hair, with scarcity of adult blonds and near-absence of blacks; by prevalently mixed eyes, or light ones showing more or less of a brown admixture; by an inclination, especially in youth, to sinewy slenderness; and by other features. The main characteristics of its behavior are, in general, frankness, openness yet shrewdness, energy and persistence, with, in general, but little sentimentality or affection, and relatively few extremes except perhaps in industrial, financial, and occasionally in religious endeavors.

This type, contrary to recent unscientific belief, is not Nordic; it is not even nearer the Nordic than it is

to the Alpine. Like the British, it is an intermediate type. The head and skull are on the average mesocephalic; but there is a wide range of variation, with a considerable percentage of brachycephaly. The face varies from strong in those working muscularly to decidedly subdued jaws and cheekbones in those in prevalently mental occupations. Otherwise it is a type



IN THE WOOD

THIS morning in the hazel wood
I heard a voice so sweet and airy;
I could not see from where I stood,
But I believe it was a fairy!

The catkins fluttered in the breeze,
The clouds above were small and curly,
And underneath the leafless trees
Some violets nestled, shy and early.
A chaffinch chanted, "Pink, pink, pink!"
A tit said, "You!" and flew away.
A thrush called, "I'm in love, I think!"
A robin sang a roundelay.

The rooks were building overhead
New nurseries in elm branches swaying;
A blackbird cried, "Be off!" and fled;
Only the sunbeams went on playing.
"The Spring is late," a pigeon wept;
Then through the wood a voice came ringing—
"The Spring awakes, where late she slept!"
I'm sure it was a fairy singing.

Carmen Ireland.



close to the medium of English and white people in general.

The methods which he employed to collect data and arrive at his findings are described by Dr. Hrdlicka as follows:

Up to recent years the belief in an American physical and behavioristic type has rested on a merely empirical and more or less superficial basis. Such a type has been represented in art and in literature, but its scientific determination has been wanting. It is a well-established fact, however, that people of any nationality, even though of heterogeneous origin, after centuries of existence as a linguistic and political group, tend to develop similar habits, similar bearing, similar be-

havior and gradually even similar physical characteristics, especially similar physiognomy, and thus come to constitute a fairly readily recognizable type. How far this development has had time to progress in the United States was until recently a moot question. The general notion was that a type had developed far enough to be without much difficulty distinguishable from the peoples of other countries.

A critical inquiry into the subject disclosed little of data outside the census statistics, and Army and Navy measurements (limited to stature and weight), with some records on American children. Under these conditions it was natural that at first the greatest use should be made of the census data.

The census records showed that the older American stock, or that dating from before 1820, consisted principally of English and Welsh people or their descendants, with strong infusions of Scotch and Scotch-Irish, Germans, Dutch, Irish, and French, in the order named. However, English and Welsh with their descendants constituted more than three-fourths, and English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish not far from nine-tenths, of the early United States population. These figures are, of course, only approximate and differ somewhat according to various sources. But the main fact is well established; the population up to 1820 was essentially of British derivation; and the American type of that time, it is safe to conclude, must have closely resembled that of Great Britain.

A century has elapsed since then. The unmixed descendants of the families of 1820 are now at least of the third generation Americans. The old components of the stock, except those—and there are many—who have inter-married with more recent comers, have become considerably unified through admixture among themselves. Moreover, they have now been exposed to from one to three centuries of the American environment, which in many important respects differs from that of the old countries. This must have had some effect upon the behavior-habits and probably even upon the physical type of the old stock, leading it away from British standards toward something more and

more American. This would seem to justify the assumption that this country may already have approached a separate behavioristic and physical type as far as the older native stock was concerned, and that it remained for anthropology to determine how far this had proceeded and just what the type was.

Anthropologists had recognized this problem long before the war and many years in advance of the mischievous, pseudo-scientific literature which during the last decade has flooded this country and spread alarmistic untruths, bias, and intolerance. This led me to undertake a detailed physical and partial physiological study of the living representatives of the Old Americans. The work was done partly in my laboratory in the United States National Museum, partly outside; and the collection and elaboration of the data, begun in 1910, has lasted nearly fourteen years. The whole has proved an arduous undertaking, since, unless one goes to the inbred and therefore scientifically less desirable communities of New England and the Southern Atlantic States, individuals of well-determined all-American ancestry on both sides of the family for four, or even for three, generations are much scarcer than is generally believed. Many were found who could qualify on one side; but on the other, one or more of the grandparents were born in Europe, or else their place of birth was unknown. Nevertheless, the total study extended eventually to over fifteen hundred adults of both sexes, 937 of whom were measured and examined in detail. As regards instruments and circumstances of examination, the conditions of the investigation were ideal.

The effects of immigration, Dr. Hrdlicka says, show that during the last one hundred years this country has received, proportionately, more Germans, Irish, Scandinavians, Italians, Slavs, and Jews, and a considerably smaller percentage of Scotch, Welsh, English, Dutch and French. The addition of the new to the older blood, which meanwhile has probably more than quintupled through natural increase, will probably result in a population somewhat more German and Irish, with also a tinge more of Scandinavian and a stronger tinge of Italian, Slav, and Jewish blood than formerly. The great bulk of the population remains, however, in origin of descent, British, or at least Western European. This does not mean much anthropologically. The peoples here named are not distinct races. They are at most more or less recent types. No such type deserves to be called a "race" unless

this term is used loosely, though presumably the type would develop into a race or strain of distinct, fixed character if it had a chance to persist over thousands of years in isolation. To quote further:

The various types of white men now existing differ from each other mainly in accordance with their composition from previous types. Thus the German type is a composite of Northwestern Europeans, Slavs and Alpines, in perhaps not greatly differing proportions. The French type results from the admixture of Alpines, Mediterraneans, Southwestern Germanic tribes, and some Normans.

The present English type is derived from the Neolithic type of man in Britain, the broad-headed Central or Western European type that reached the islands during the Bronze period,



DELPHINIUMS

L YING upon the daisy-speckled grass
I gaze at the delphiniums, mauve and blue,

Their colors mind me of rare painted glass
In dim Cathedral, shot with sunset hue.

Sweet peas, like acolytes, their censors swing,
Birds shrilling high to God at close of day,
Deep organ notes of honey bees on wing,
Air filled with incense of the new-mown hay.

In my Cathedral on the scented grass,
I see and hear the pageant come and pass;
Then, on the lap of kindly Mother Earth,
I thank our gracious Lord Who gave them birth.
Clarice March.



the Mediterraneans brought in during the Roman domination, the Germanic tribes of what is now Western Germany and Holland, and the Norman, French, and smaller admixtures. The Slavs are Old Europeans, modified according to locality by the Finno-Ugrians, Scandinavians, Germans, Alpines, Italians, or Turks. The Hungarians are a mixture of Slavs, Dacians, Saxons, Roumanians, Magyars, Szekels, and others. The Italians are descendants of the Latini, Greeks, Etruscans, Gauls, Goths, Slavs, Lombards, Albanians, Phoenicians, and Sardis. The Jews carry the blood of every people with whom they have lived. And so with others. Upon analysis every larger European group, even the Nordic or Scandinavian, is found to be a composite of older groups which generally represent all

the three main strains of white man, namely, the Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean. Most, if not all, have also more or less of a trace of the yellow-browns or blacks.

Dr. Hrdlicka's study of the immigrants shows that the bulk of these represented in our records, outside of head form and a few other features, are remarkably uniform in physique, with the exception of the Jews and the Southern Italians, both of whom are characterized by smaller stature and other more or less aberrant features. They are, in general, a good, sturdy lot. In average stature, in size of chest and in muscular strength, they are above the mean of the Europeans. They present, as groups, no signs of physical degeneration. He goes on:

In the average size of the head, however, all these groups are somewhat below the main series of the Old Americans. This condition, which applied even to immigrants from the British Isles, and which was at first perplexing, was later explained. The immigrants were artisans and laborers, generally without much education; while the main group of the Old Americans was composed of no laborers, but, on the contrary, of people of good education, with in many cases college or high professional training. When the size of the head of the immigrants relative to stature was compared with such Old Americans as the Tennessee highlanders, who were farmers, small artisans, and laborers without much education, the size of the head for a given stature in the immigrants and the Americans was found to be identical.

SOLVING A MYSTERY OF SPACE

It is probable that startling new theories about what is going on in space will follow the discovery of high-frequency penetrating rays of cosmic origin by Dr. R. A. Millikan.

In 1922, Dr. Millikan, experimenting with balloons, reached a height of nearly ten miles, proved that the unknown radiation was far greater at high altitudes. The results of experiments made at Muir Lake, 11,800 ft. high, proved the existence of a new kind of radiation of extremely high penetrative power able to pass through the atmosphere and then through 45 ft. of water or 6 ft. of lead.

This was an astonishing discovery, for the most penetrating radiation at our command (the hard X-ray) is stopped by ½ in. of lead. The shortest of these newly-discovered radiations must, therefore, have a wave-length of one ten-millionth of that of ordinary light.

Testing Draft Gears

ANOTHER important piece of research work, the testing of draft gears, will be undertaken at Purdue University, for the American Railway Association, it was recently announced, following a conference of a special committee, representing the railway association with Purdue officials. The testing of airbrakes, the most far-reaching experiment on brakes ever conducted, is underway now in Purdue Laboratories, for the railway association. Draft gears is the apparatus which connects the coupler or draw bar with the car sills. It receives and dissipates the shocks received by the coupler, thus tending to prevent their damaging the car.

The project will necessitate the construction of a new brick and steel building, 50 by 125 feet, on the Purdue campus. Architect Walter Scholar is at work on preliminary plans and construction will be started as soon as possible. All expenses for the work which will be about \$50,000 this year, will be borne by the American Railway Association, the same as in the airbrake tests. Annual expenditures will range from \$10,000 to \$15,000 until the tests are completed.

A Novel Feature

A special machine for testing the draft gears is under construction. A novel feature of it will be two falling weights, the larger one weighing 27,000 pounds and the smaller one 9,000 pounds, the latter being the weight most frequently used heretofore in similar test machines. The machines will be driven

electrically, the control equipment being so designed that operation may be manually or automatically controlled. It will be equipped with various devices to record the action of draft gears under various tests.

The tests are in line with the general efforts of the railroads to increase further public safety and comfort while travelling and reduce loss and damage to freight shipments and railway equipment. The tests will cover both passenger and freight equipment.

The new work also will be done by the Engineering Experiment Station and will be under the personal supervision of Dean A. A. Potter, who also is director of the station.

Members of the Railway Association committee who were there for the conference were: W. C. A. Henry, engineer of Motive Power, Pennsylvania Railroad, Philadelphia, chairman; H. W. Faus, engineer of tests, New York Central Railroad, New York; H. I. Garcelon, assistant engineer of tests, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md.; J. A. Pilcher, mechanical engineer, Norfolk and Western Railway, Roanoke, Va.; C. B. Young, general mechanical engineer, Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Chicago.

EXTRA SERVICE

During the winter of 1835, the children at Bordentown, on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, earned pocket-money by selling hot bricks at a sixpence each to the chilled passengers.

CLEARING SCAPA FLOW

The German cruiser *Hindenburg*, sunk by her crew over six years ago at Scapa Flow, is to be afloat again in a few months. How is it to be done, and what will happen then?

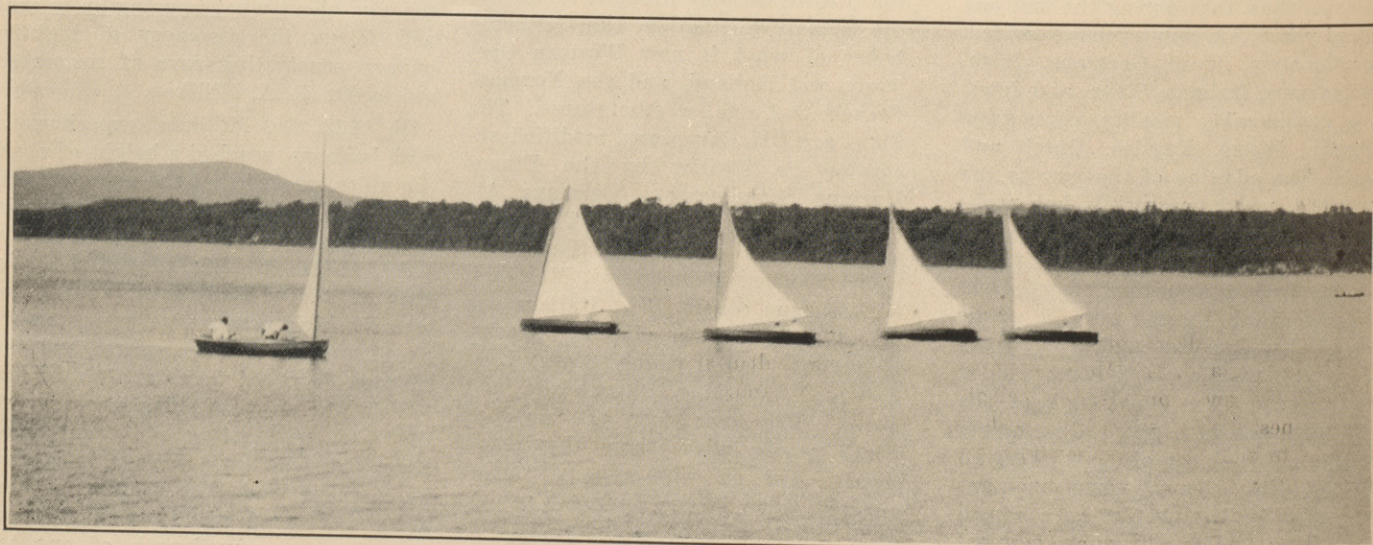
Already twenty-one smaller warships have been brought to the surface by means of wires passed under them from floating docks, but the *Hindenburg*, with a tonnage of 27,000, is much too heavy for that. She is to be made to rise of her own accord by having the water pumped out of her.

To do this all her portholes, and all the eight "sea cocks" the Germans opened to sink her, will have to be covered with patches of concrete or steel. To get at the sea cocks, which are round holes in her hull, two feet across, it will be necessary to make tunnels in the seabed on which she lies and to scrape away the barnacles and seaweed that cover her bottom.

All this will take twelve divers six months, but when they have done forty pumps will pump out something like 60,000 tons of water in twelve hours, and the *Hindenburg* will then slowly rise to the surface.

And what then? She will be run aground and broken up for scrap, the value of which will be more than worth the cost. After that the remaining big ships will be raised, at the rate of two a year, till Scapa Flow is clear of them.

The "Trans-Australian Limited" is claimed to be the only train in the world with a parlor and lounge car equipped with a piano.



The start of the race. On the Lake of Two Mountains, Hudson, Que.

Leaving Auld Scotia to Become Canadians



Over 60 settlers from all parts of Scotland, bound for the Clan Donald Colony, in Alberta, sailed from Glasgow to Canada on the Canadian Pacific liner "Metagama." Here is Father Macdonnell, the pioneer of the scheme, who proceeded with the emigrants.

Depopulation Puzzles Scotsmen

Exodus from Land of the Heather Assuming Alarming Proportions—Wretched Housing Conditions Are Contributing Cause

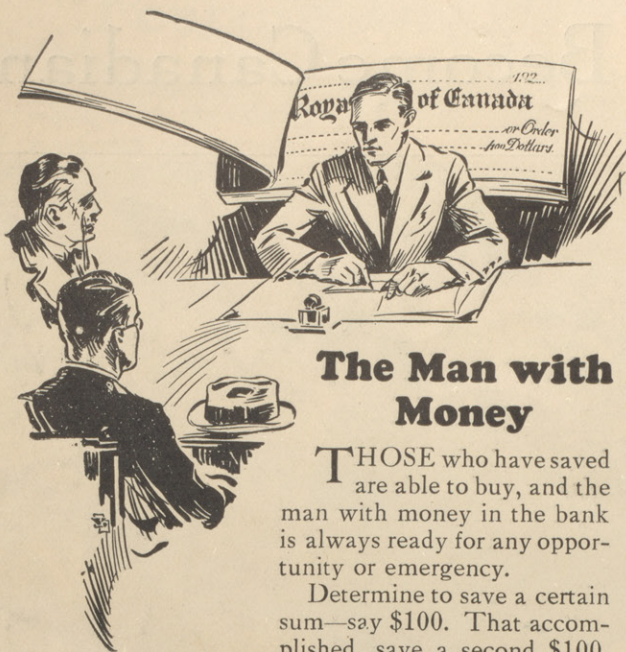
BY LEWIS SPENCE

IN Scotland a sharp sense of neglect is permeating every class of the community, says Lewis Spence, writing for the "Nineteenth Century." In the west there are distressing and degrading social ulcers of a character unknown in England, and Moscow works her will there and spreads her poisonous doctrines. Now sinister unrest is spreading to the east. Moreover, there has of late years been an extraordinary exodus from Scotland, an exodus which may be described not so much as emigration, but as a genuine race movement threatening the ultimate depopulation of agricultural centres. The great mass of land workers in the Scottish midland and northern counties are convinced that the country is "done," a notion fostered by emigration agents with the result that swarms of skilled and hardy agriculturists and artisans are fleeing the land. Last year more than 80,000 of these sailed from the Clyde ports alone. During the decade 1901-1911 Scotland lost by emigration 342,241, or ten per cent. of her people, that is to say nearly 55,000 more than Ireland lost in the same period. There are today seventeen counties in Scotland

with a population less than it was fifty years ago, eleven counties with less than in 1921, and five with a population smaller than in 1801. Over-population is certainly not a problem in Scotland. Mr. Spence adds:—

So powerful a hold has the idea of emigration, especially to Canada or the United States, upon the mind of the Scottish farm laborer, artisan or miner, that were he enabled in all cases to quit the country, it is safe to say that at least one-half of the native laboring population would at once embrace the opportunity.

The wretched conditions obtaining in agricultural life before the war, and now but little ameliorated, and the impossibility of that personal betterment so dear to the Scotsman of all classes in an agricultural environment are the chief causes of rural decay in Scotland.



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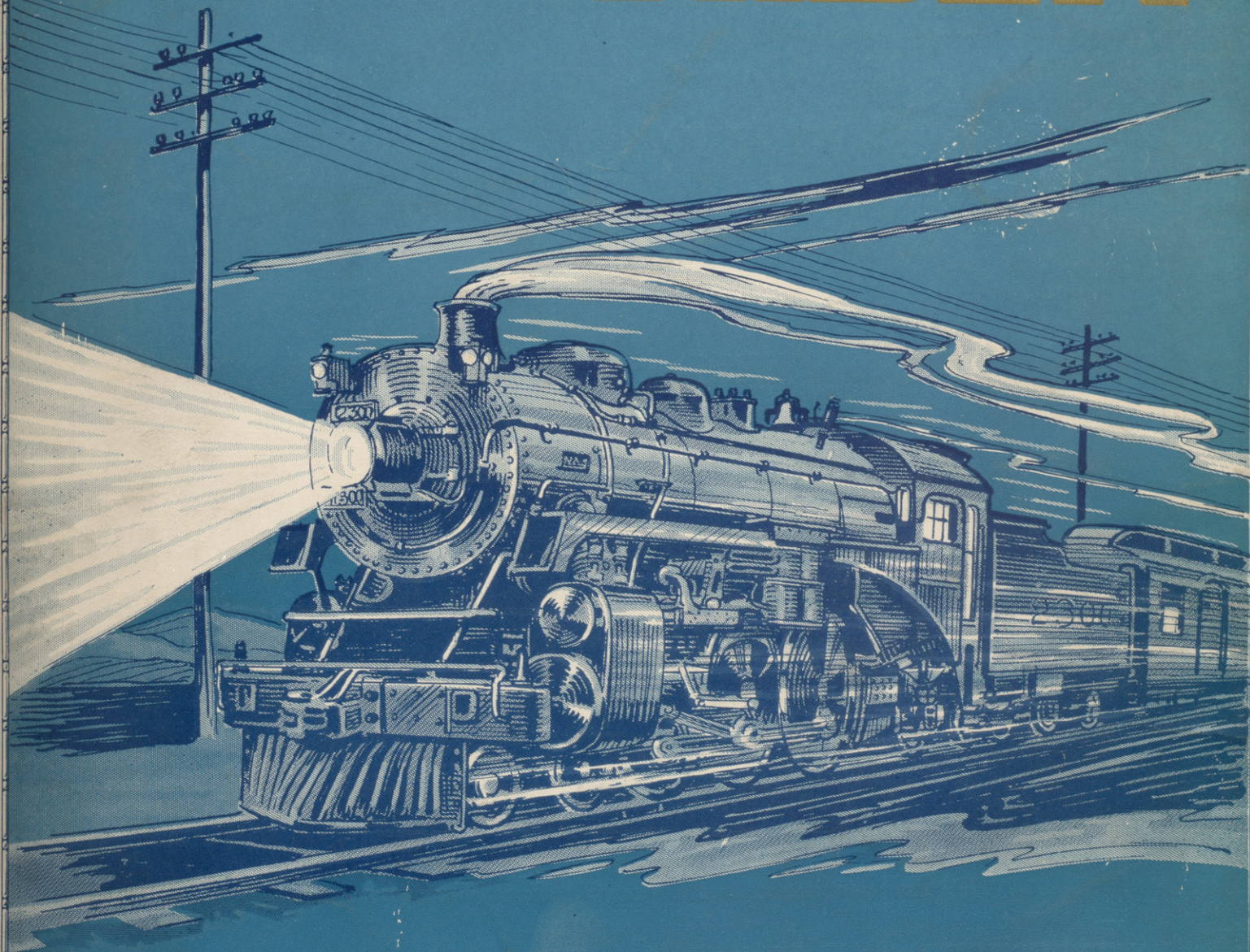
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